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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Going Soft

WHAT has happened to that mother of criticism and father of the high hat, old England? Such "blurbs," such prophecies of future greatness, such effusions of praise for new books as are crossing the Atlantic have not been seen here since the days when local newspapers were still fishing for publishers' advertising. But these are the great ones—or, at least, the notorious ones—speaking. Mr. Priestley (who did not, when he was here, overflow with the milk of human kindness), Hugh Walpole, and Rebecca West write themselves down rapturous over new novels, and a full chorus of regular reviewers, Gerald Gould, Harold Nicolson, Clemence Dane, and many others, steps up their praise to shrill ejaculation.

American readers who have not access to British periodicals may see for themselves this lyricism at work in the quotations made by American publishers for their advertisements of new English books, but the best exhibits are the sample copies sent across the ocean for submission to book clubs or to publishers for possible American production. There one has the book itself prefaced by a page of assorted tributes—and such tribute. Jane Austen, or Thomas Hardy, or John Galsworthy at his best might hope for such a preface.

The books are not bad books. They are, indeed, well selected examples of that readable novel which English second-rate writers (and England is as rich in good second-rate novelists as we are poor in the same) are manufacturing in quantity. Country life stories still predominate, with the farmer and his trials taking the place of the squire and his privileges. There are many witty phantasies (a current specialty); there are city novels in the magnum opus style of Priestley, which stem back vaguely to "The Old Wives' Tale"; there are sophisticated and faintly cynical narratives of manners, like our own New York school, and, most numerous of all, solid and pleasing novels of character, in which the note of sentiment—many Americans would say of sentimentality—is sustained. Indeed, more easily readable books, more charming

(*Continued on page* 120)

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Saturday Review has persuaded Mr. Don Marquis to write for (or even against) it each week. Mr. Marquis's first contribution appears on page 124 of this issue.

You with Your Despair

By VALENTINE ACKLAND

YOU with your despair
Have plaited my desire
Entwining dark and fair
With art I bitterly admire.

You have made my pain
Meet your different woe,
And burnished it again
Until the strands too fiercely glow.

Since you have dared to use
My single treasure thus,
Tremble, for this abuse
Beyond your will entangles us.

What the President Reads

Notes on a Visit to the White House

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"WHAT this country needs," said one, "is more sense of individual responsibility."

"What this country needs," said another, quoting Frank Adams's version of the famous *mot*, "is a good five-cent nickel."

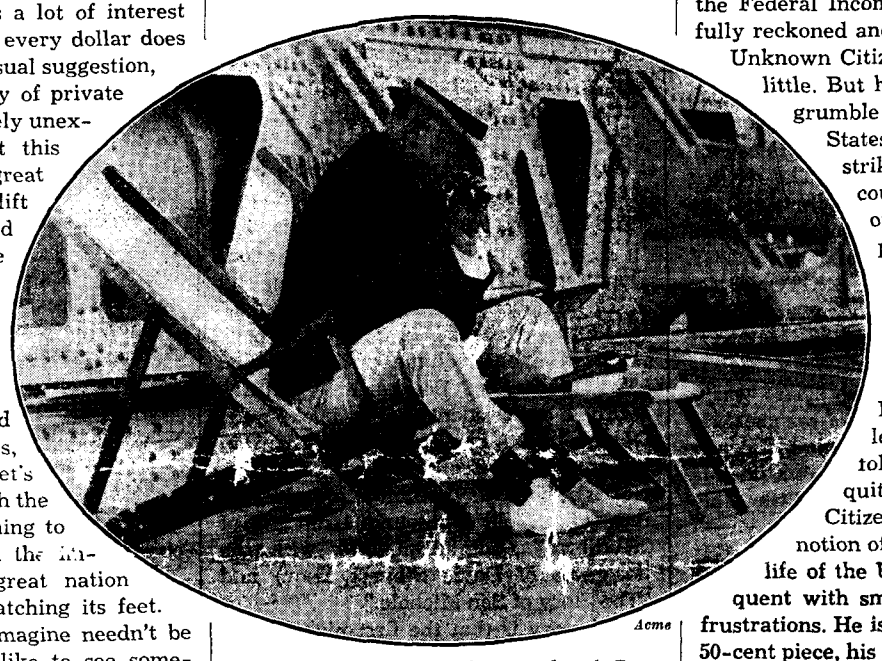
The President of the United States was pleased with this, which he had not heard. "Yes," he said, "there's a lot of interest just now in seeing that every dollar does its job." But his own casual suggestion, made in the informality of private conversation, was entirely unexpected. "Perhaps what this country needs is a great poem. Something to lift people out of fear and selfishness. Every once in a while someone catches words out of the air and gives a nation an inspiration. You remember Kipling's "Recessional," and that poem of Markham's, suggested by Millet's painting, "The Man with the Hoe." We need something to raise our eyes beyond the immediate horizon. A great nation can't go along just watching its feet. The kind of words I imagine needn't be very complicated. I'd like to see something simple enough for a child to put his hand on his chest and spout in school on Fridays. I keep looking for it, but I don't see it. Sometimes a great poem can do more than legislation."

This was Herbert Hoover speaking: a man sometimes rumored to be an unemotional scientist, the economist and engineer, coldly considering human destinies in equations and statistics. It is curious that the man who has had one of the most varied experiences of modern time should have gained the reputation of being prosaic. The man who helped defend Tientsin against the Boxers, who stood as an independent power between warring nations in Europe, who opposes bonus bills, or supports a broken credit system with the strength of the Federal Government, must sometimes smile grimly to himself when some editorialist going berserk on a typewriter keyboard accuses him of being timid. Probably all the really large enterprisers were rather soft-spoken people. Perhaps sometimes we need to balance our minds as well as balance the budget.

"What this country needs is a great poem. 'John Brown's Body' was a step in the right direction," the President continued. "I've read it once, and I'm reading it again. But it's too long to do what I mean. You can't thrill people in 300 pages. 300 words is about the limit. Kipling's 'Recessional' really did something to England when it was published. It helped them through a bad time. Let me know if you find any great poems lying around."

* *

Perhaps because it was Leap Year, the goddess of Sudden Occasion had made me a bold suggestion. Might it be possible, she said, to print something about Herbert Hoover as the scholar, the man of culture, the lover of books? Here is a man who has given to his own university of Stanford one of the most unique collections in modern record, the Hoover War Library; who is possibly more widely interested in humane letters than any President we ever had. Why don't you write to your friend F. S., who is on the staff in Washington, and see if he won't send you a memorandum? I did so. And then one day, as I was innocently mulling



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over my desk, came the words of Gertrude, our delightful telephone operator, a little breathless. "The White House is calling you," she said, with a most delicate exclamation mark in her voice.

It was F. S. "The President likes your idea," he said. "I think perhaps something can be done."

"Fine," I said. "Will you send me a little story?"

"No," he said. "You and your wife had better come down and spend the night at the White House. You can form your own opinions."

I was taken aback, as one is when the dull tadpole of the Improbable turns into Actual Frog and leaps into your hand. I babbled some bashful apprehensions.

"Don't worry a bit," said F. S. "From the moment you get to the Station you'll be in very competent hands."

* *

Often in fancy I had toyed with the notion of the Unknown Citizen and Mrs. Citizen visiting the White House to form their own impressions of the duty and dignity of government. But I always imagined it would be much more terrifying. One poem that might be attempted would be the simplicity and virtue of the House itself. It is much more than an Executive Mansion, it is the home of an Idea—one of the last homes left where an Idea has room to move about in. The home where a well-bred Idea has lived for a long time must always be thrilling and enviable to the average proletarian who exists by anxious haphazard. The Idea that lives in Washington is not recognized at once, unless by paradox. At the front door of the White House you are greeted by a Colored man, who has the unspoiled and kindly courtesy of his race. The initials U. S. embroidered on towels and napkins really seem to stand for *us*. Mr. and Mrs. Citizen, arriving in some secret agitation (which after all I think was becoming to them) lost most of their tremors by the time the usher had escorted them upstairs. No, not upstairs but up-elevator, for one of the wise oddities of the White House is that there is no spectacular grand staircase such as one instinctively expects.

It happened to be the very day after the Federal Income Tax had been painfully reckoned and paid, and perhaps the Unknown Citizen was still smarting a little. But he will be more slow to grumble in future, for the United States is a charming host. It strikes just the right note: courtesy and dignity without horrifying swank. A polite attendant met the travellers at the train-gate in Washington. "Mr. Citizen?" he said, calling him by name. "From the White House," he stated, and led the way. The Red Cap followed, greatly pleased; quite a long stroll, while the Citizen mentally revised his notion of the tip for portage. The life of the Unknown Citizen is frequent with small secret schemes and frustrations. He is proud of a trick with a 50-cent piece, his only parlor accomplishment; he had thought there might even be a chance to show this off to the President. He had been guarding a 50-cent piece for that purpose. But he gave it to the porter.

The shield of the United States was on the door of the waiting car, and the radiator cap had some sort of emblem of eagle's wings. The Citizen wanted to identify the make of car, but guests do not stare, and he was not smart enough. Mrs. Citizen was more acute in her own realm. "Sugar 4 cents a pound!" she exclaimed, seeing a Washington grocery sign. But they tried to sit steadfast and not peer about too much. A traffic policeman, recognizing the car, straightened up for a formal salute; then he saw it was not the President, and refrained.

"This is your Rose Bedroom," said the polite usher, "and there's an evening

This Week

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON.
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN.
SWINBURNE.
Reviewed by CLYDE K. HYDER.
THE NEEDLE WATCHER.
Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS.
THE LAUGHING PIONEER.
Reviewed by MARISTAN CHAPMAN.
TIMOTHY FLINT'S RECOLLECTIONS.
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.
288 WORDS.
By DON MARQUIS.
HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE.
By DAVID GARNETT.

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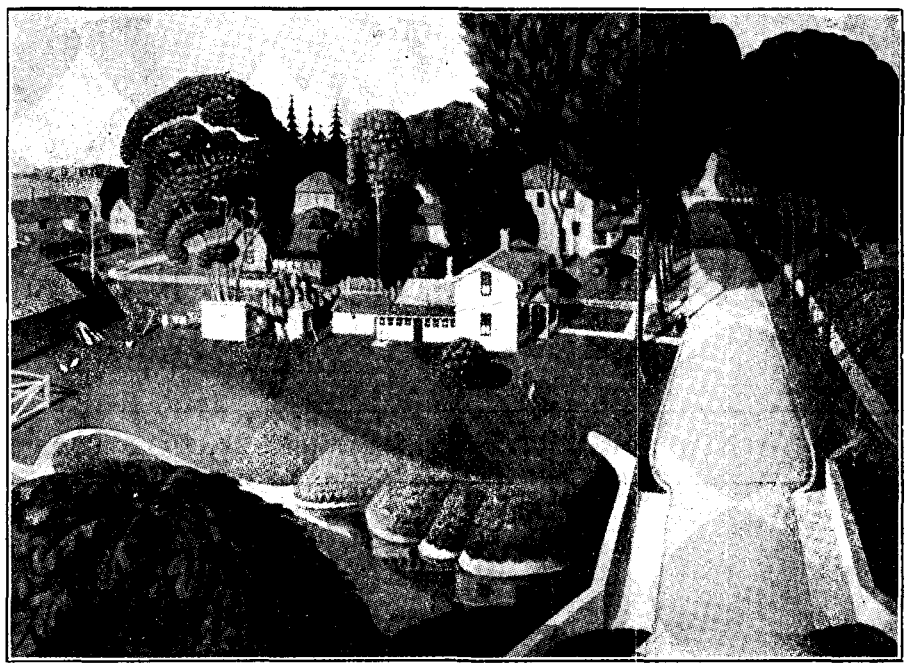
paper. Mrs. Hoover is engaged at the moment, but she will be expecting you for tea in about twenty minutes. If that clock is correct, as I presume it is, that will be at ten minutes to six. I will return for you at that time. The maid and the house-man will be here immediately."

The government pays chivalrous deference to ladies. It was evident, by the way the servants laid out garments, that the enormous Rose Room (with Andrew Jackson's vast four-poster) was intended for Mrs. Citizen; Mr. C. found himself arranged for in the cosy small chamber adjoining. He was gratified to observe that the active valet had already got the studs into his shirt-front (a task that Mr. C. dislikes) but wished he had thought not to carry these studs, as he has done for many years, in a tin box that once held a typewriter ribbon.

Apparently the usher really believed that Citizen was going to sit down quietly and read the Washington *Evening Star*. I assure you he was much too excited to do that. There is no place in the world that an American citizen has a better right to be thrilled by than the White House. He wanted to see everything. He would have liked to study the view from the front windows, but now the shades were drawn, and he supposed that an inquiring phiz, caught peeping round the edge of the blind, would not be seemly. A log fire was neatly laid in the big fireplace, but the strong blast of warmth from an old-fashioned hot-air register made a fire unnecessary. On the mantel was an ornate old marble clock, the one the usher correctly presumed correct, surmounted by a bronze amazon drawing a bow, inscribed ANTIOPE. The writing table—it was a desk Lincoln used, he was told later—was generously supplied with note paper engraved in gold THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON. Not usually a good correspondent, it did occur to him that if he could have a day at that table he would very likely write letters to everyone he knew. There was a



HERBERT HOOVER'S BIRTHPLACE. WEST BRANCH, IOWA — FROM A PAINTING BY GRANT WOOD, ALSO BORN IN IOWA

has always studied a decent frugality. There is nothing parvenu about the White House. It has much the righteous feeling of an ancient chateau which the Citizens once visited in France. Perhaps there was some destiny behind its present occupation, the Citizen reflected, for he noticed that the three taps in the roomy old bathtub were lettered H. C. H. Mrs. Citizen, a person of better breeding, was a little shocked by her husband's inquisition into everything. He reported to her the titles of the books. On the center table were Lindbergh's "We"; Vandenberg's "The Trail of a Tradition" (which seemed to be a sort of biography of Alexander Hamilton); "The Miracle of Peille," by J. L. Campbell; "The Changing Years," by Norman Hapgood. In the smaller bedroom were one volume of a set called "The Library of Southern Literature" (with the President's own bookplate);

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"WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GREAT POEM"

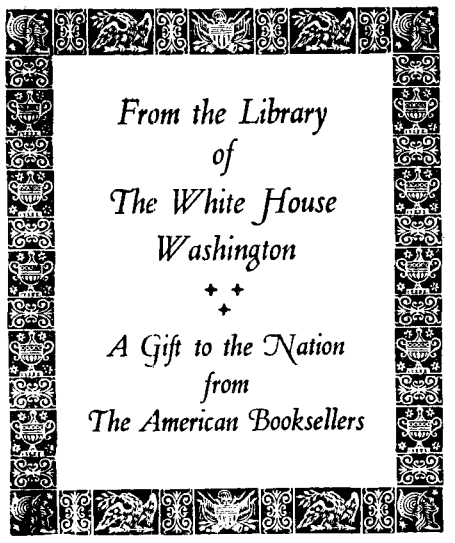
by the bed was a well-polished old bell-push, the three buttons of which were inscribed MAID, BUTTONS, BUTLER. On dressing table and center table were tall bunches of fresh flowers, roses and snapdragons. Over the writing table was a painting—the gift of the artist—called WELCOME. It showed an ocean liner coming past the Statue of Liberty. One of the serious problems of the White House, the Citizen secretly divined, is what to do with the many works of art that are generously presented. In the bathroom of the suite he admired the solid 19th-century fixtures—a wide marble wash-basin, a delicious covered soap-dish of old pink china, once cracked and carefully mended. Soaps and toilet waters, he was pleased to note, were duly American in origin. In the frames of the enormous windows were tucked little home-whittled wooden pegs, to prevent the sashes rattling on stormy nights. How good an air of honest simplicity about everything, of things well used and cherished, as in an old country mansion that

time of an old calfbound folio set of "Hudibras" (Edinburgh 1770, with the bookplate of David Steuart, Esqr) and "The Story of San Michele."

The story is that the first night President Hoover spent in the White House not a readable book was to be found anywhere. Elderly accumulations of gifts had been transferred to the Library of Congress, and the new President had to send out and borrow a volume of history from the Secret Service to read himself to sleep. (Do Presidents sleep well the first night in office? I doubt it. The White House is too full of overtones and memories. There is nothing more real than the subtle awareness of influence in that building. Every creak of the old timber floors is a voice of suggestion.) Perhaps it was a rumor of that episode that caused the American Booksellers' Association two years ago to give to the nation a carefully chosen miscellany of 500 books "to fit the reading moods of the present and future occupants of the White House and of their guests. It is not a library for reference, but for enjoyment." The selection was made by a committee headed by Mr. Frederic Melcher, the energetic editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*. The books, each with its neat bookplate, now fill a series of white shelves along one side of the broad central corridor that runs the length of the House upstairs. This corridor, which under some earlier tenancies was a passage of sombre formality in mahogany, Mrs. Hoover has made a long living-room gay with reading lamps and flowers. Beyond the shelves of the booksellers' gift are many other cases containing the President's own works of reference, ranging from works on mineralogy and mining reports to the Proceedings of the International Mathematical Congress at Toronto. Here and there on tables are rare old volumes that are part of the history of the house—such as Audubon's "Birds" or N. P. Willis's "American Scenery" (London, George Virtue, 1840) with its quaint engravings. The sprightly Willis made a memorandum to accompany the picture of the President's House, as it was then called. "The residence of the Chief Magistrate," he wrote, "resembles the country-seat of an English nobleman in its architecture and size; but it is to be regretted that the parallel ceases when we come to the grounds." Incidentally, *President's House* is still the legend engraved on all the White House silver.

The White House having so much permanent character of its own it is surprising that it can also accommodate itself so flexibly to reflect the personality of its tenants. To those who like to analyze character by interests in literature it is at once evident that it is the dwelling of cultivated and scholarly curiosities. In one of the small drawing rooms there are solid elderly sets of Thackeray, Trollope, Dumas, the Waverley Novels, Hawthorne, Holmes, Stevenson, Richard Harding Davis, and the Historians' History of the World. In the colorful oval sitting room,

ful arched recesses of open shelves. These spaces had formerly been china cabinets for bric-à-brac, but Mrs. Hoover had them altered to house her own favorites in poetry and belles lettres. The President's reticence in regard to his own private enthusiasms is well-known; unlike T. R., for instance, he does not tell the world when he discovers something that delights him. He has little aptitude for dramatizing himself or publishing his intuitions for all and sundry. It is the more delightful therefore to find this man, beneath his self-respecting reserve, a scholar of great learning and of most infectious humanity. Part of the reason for the complete devotion he has always elicited from his own staff is due to that fundamental and Quakerish honesty. He is so enormously interested in the job on hand that it would never occur to him to arrange a pose for the benefit of others. It would certainly startle him to have it suggested that there is a "story" in his interest in books: he takes books for granted as an essential part of life. In thinking of him as an engineer one is likely to forget how large a part of his



BOOKPLATE OF THE COLLECTION GIVEN BY THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS' ASSOCIATION

career was spent in long journeys or remote encampments where one must read or perish of ennui. For instance he has spent over a year and a half of elapsed time on long ocean voyages: crossing the Pacific ten times, the Atlantic over 25 times (he has lost exact count); trips to the Cape, to Australia, South America and across Asia. A map of his journeys makes Marco Polo look like a picnicker. (Mrs. Hoover smiles gayly at the tributes paid her as a home-maker, since most of her housekeeping, she says, has been very happily done in a steamer trunk.) To a man of active mind travel implies reading. Mr. Hoover remembers his joy when starting south from Chefoo in China on an engineering expedition he discovered at the back of the general store a set of the works of Dumas in 30 paper-bound volumes. Plutarch and Gibbon were other favorite travelling companions. The American Booksellers' gift to the White House was a very welcome one, but as far as the President himself was concerned he had read most of those books long before. An intimate of his took the trouble to tick off for me on that list of 500 titles those Mr. Hoover had read in days when there was more leisure. In the section of "Standard Fiction," for instance, out of the 56 books listed he had read 50. In the lists of Travel, History, Politics and World Affairs, practically every title was marked. In books like Shakespeare, Dante, Tennyson, Leaves of Grass, Keyserling's Travel Diary, Wells's Outline of History, he had done as most of us have, "browsed."

The visitors were looking over these shelves, after tea, when a quiet step came down the corridor. It is well that White House boards have that tactful creak. "Here comes the President," whispered Mrs. Citizen, with just a pleasing touch of awe in her voice—very rare in wives. The Citizen turned from the shelf just in time. The President greets his guests very gently but he makes them feel instantly at ease. The Citizen was brought up among Philadelphia Quakers, and

books?" he said. "If they sent those here to educate me, I'm afraid it was too late. I'd read 85% of them before." There spoke the man of instinctive precision. Not "most of them" or "nearly all of them," but "85%."

Experienced travellers are not only great readers but also great distributors, because books are burdensome to transport. Both the President and Mrs. Hoover have at various times formed unusual collections of books on special subjects and then given them away. Mrs. Hoover for some years gathered rare works on China, including the writings of early Jesuit missionaries, narratives of Western explorers in the Orient, and books on Chinese art. This collection included items so rare that they were possessed neither by the British Museum nor the Bibliothèque Nationale. It was presented to Stanford University. And anyone who has ever examined the remarkable book on which Mr. and Mrs. Hoover collaborated, their edition of Agricola's mining treatise "De Re Metallica," will pay tribute to the wide scholarship and patient application shown in its critical apparatus. It was translated from the Latin edition of 1556, "with biographical introduction, notes and appendices on Mining Methods, Metallurgical Processes, Geology, Mineralogy and Mining Law from earliest times to the 16th century." One may imagine that a library of reference must have been amassed for this task alone, which they modestly describe as having been accomplished "in night hours, week-ends and holidays, over a period of about five years." Even at the Rapidan camp in Virginia a considerable collection has already accumulated, a library of fishing lore and books dealing with the plant and animal life of the Blue Ridge country. And always when the President goes there for a week-end the most interesting volumes that have appeared at the White House during the week are packed up and taken along on the chance there may be time to look them through. This summer, for instance, the President has found time

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for the following: Shaw Desmond's "Windjammer"; Eaton: "Immigrant Gifts to American Life"; John Jay Chapman: "New Horizons in American Life"; Knickerbocker: "The German Crisis"; Henry Osborn Taylor: "Fact—The Romance of Mind"; Pringle: "Theodore Roosevelt"; Lewisohn: "Expression in America"; Sven Hedin: "Across the Gobi Desert." Some of these are still on his reading table for further attention.

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As the visitors returned to the Rose Bedroom to dress for dinner they could not help glancing through the open door of the President's study. Two large flags stood in the far corners, the Stars and Stripes and the dark blue Presidential flag. An easy chair of dark orange leather was drawn up near the desk, and beside it lay a newspaper tossed down after reading. A reading lamp shone brightly on the desk, on a large pen-stand ornamented with green elephants (a political symbol?) and a neat pile of small leather notebooks. A faint trail of cigar fragrance crossed the whiff of flowers in the corridor. It was just such a domestic interior as one might see in any well-ordered home where the head of the house, returning from the office about six-thirty, sits down for a few moments in his favorite chair to look at the paper.

Here I have to encourage my friend

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"KINETIC POSSIBILITY"

Citizen to continue his observations in this humble vein. One does not accept personal hospitality and then make public comment on it, seemed to be the thought that was bothering him. I tried to convince him that there was no breach of respect involved. Americans are so rarely allowed a glimpse of the Chief Magistrate off duty that they are prone to forget that he is also a very human being. Perhaps more than any other high officer on earth he is the target of incessant criticism: some of it constructive and valid, much of it partisan and hearsay. A good deal of it may be as unfair as to hold the captain of a liner responsible for the weather encountered during the voyage. The Presidency has certainly its emotional and sentimental phases, but it is primarily a highly organized business job: there is not much leisure to be mystical about it. Perhaps we ought to learn to safeguard the office more carefully against the loss of energy involved in seeing too many axe-grinding callers. At any rate it is reassuring to see the head of the firm going ahead with his work so calmly, so steadily, so undramatically. Working a great deal harder, the Citizen realized, than you or I. In a business where I am a stockholder I am glad to see a quiet man at the head of the outfit.

But if you begin to think too carefully about the problem of government under modern conditions, the varying interests and prejudices to be composed, the mysterious powers of publicity, the number of acute adversaries ready to turn to their own account the word too naively spoken, you will likely say nothing. So, in a mood of honor, you can only put down your own actual impressions.

Certainly my friend Citizen is unfitted to offer opinion on matters of State. He may listen all evening to discussions of finance and banking procedure, but there is some obstruction in his head that makes those topics opaque to him. Yet he is susceptible to human emanations. Is it too informal for him to say that nothing more endeared the President than the fact that his dress shirt, like yours and mine, tends to billow up under his chin? Or that, dining en famille, Mrs. Hoover calls him "Daddy"? It probably is. But even in that huge dining room of State, where over 80 can sit for an official function, one cannot be shy when one hears that oldest and kindest of names cross the table. The eye may be startled by an upward glimpse of the great silver chandelier overhead—as broad as the round table beneath it. The panelled walls, the blazing fire and a vaguely descried portrait above it, seem a long way off. But anything one might have been told about the severities of White House etiquette vanish under so cordial a spell. Even, for a fractional instant, the colored butler noiselessly appearing with a napkin-swathed bottle startled the renegade guest with a sudden secret amazement. It was only mineral water.

Dinner, served at 8 o'clock, was satisfying and simple; there was something very American about it. A thick soup, fish, meat and vegetables, salad with cheese and crackers, a sweet, and fruit. Perhaps the most American feature was the promptness with which it was served. Somehow Citizen got the impression that the President has perhaps been put on a diet, and is glad to get past the temptations of the table as soon as possible, to escape to his study for coffee and cigars. He took no sweet, and Mrs. Citizen (who sat at his right) avers that he regarded hers with something of boyish wistfulness; exactly (she says) as U. C. himself does when he is hoping she won't finish something rather special but allow him to do so for her.

Perhaps there is a clue in this rapidity. The President is not much interested in food as a pastime, or in merely casual chat for the sake of casual chat. He is interested in Ideas. How well Mrs. Hoover understands this and plays team. At the table at first he said little, and Mrs. Hoover took the lead. But as soon as anything emerged that caught his imagination his chin came up from the bulge of his shirtfront, he caught Mrs. Hoover's eye and began to talk. His voice is low, one has to listen sharply. He talks with much humor, the humor of underemphasis which does not lend itself easily to quotation.

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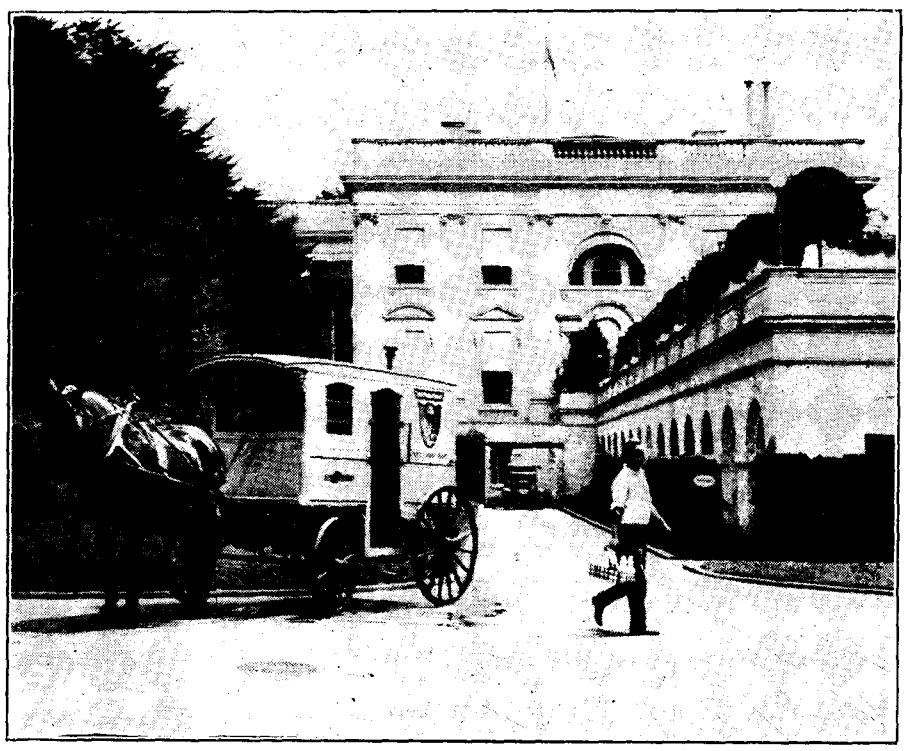
There were only three of us in the President's study after dinner. (I abandon the phantom of Citizen, who has served his turn for the moment.) On the mantel a ship's clock from the former yacht *Mayflower* tingled nautical bells. The colored attendant lit the fire, and the President brightened it with great California pine cones. The inner walls are lined with glassed bookcases and rows of rather sombre legal or official-looking volumes, including the writings of all the Presidents. On a low table was a large silver cigarette box engraved with facsimile autographs of the President's associates in the C. R. B. Coffee was served, with granulated sugar. I saw no lump sugar in the White House. Is this a fidelity to the old thrift of Food Administration times? On a bench by the big couch was a clean memo-pad and half a dozen beautifully sharpened pencils. You find these pads and pencils waiting ready on occasional tables everywhere throughout the living rooms. They must be a great joy to the grandchildren when they visit. All the children's toys, by the way, are carefully arranged in the cross alcove off the main corridor, where Lincoln used to stride to and fro in the dark nights of the Civil War. There is a huge rocking horse, and an old wooden cradle waiting for Peggy Ann's dolls. The walls of this little alcove are lined with the framed diplomas of the President's honorary degrees from universities all over the world, an extraordinary collection. There you see both ends of Mr. Hoover's wide human spectrum. He is interested in Ideas, and he is interested in children. The great engineer is always concerned with new sources of power. What is the greatest power-plant any nation can possess? The kinetic possibility of its youth. How is this force to be harnessed? F. S. told me that he had had to prepare some notes for a speech the President made at the recent Conference on Child Welfare. He made allusion to the boundless energy of young childhood; the feeling of exhausted relief—familiar to all parents—with which we see them at last housed for the night. "We put them to bed with a sense of relief," said F. S's memorandum. The President was not satisfied with this. He added at once "and a lingering of devotion." There is no parent in the world who does not understand that perfect phrase. There are many such in "The Children's Charter," which Mr. Hoover wrote largely with his own hand. It begins thus:—

For every child spiritual and moral training to help him to stand firm under the pressure of life.

What man in our time has known more of that pressure?

The emotional and imaginative elements in Mr. Hoover lie, carefully reserved, only a little below the surface, but he is no sentimentalist. It is Ideas that evoke his enthusiasm; as he talks his right foot begins to tap a light unconscious tattoo on the floor. As he drew near the end of his long cigar I feared that might end the session, but he replenished the hearth himself, threw on more of the California cones (he likes the suggestion of Western freedom that these bring) and started another havana. He enjoys a blaze on the hearth, and in the fireplace of the mind too. His bookplate had been mentioned—a reproduction of a medieval



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THE EARLIEST DAILY CALLER AT THE WHITE HOUSE

mining print. He spoke with zest of the incunabula of science, and his collection of old mining treatises, and said that at the dawn of recorded history men had already discovered some of the technical processes still in use today. The Greek miners at Laurium, southeast of Athens, used the same means of separating silver from lead that the modern engineer does. "It would be interesting," he said, "to rewrite Greek history from the viewpoint of the engineer. It was the silver mines of Laurium that paid for the fleet with which Themistocles won the battle of Salamis—one of the great turning points of history.

MR. HOOVER'S BOOKPLATE

The first great orations of Demosthenes were arguments on cases of mining titles." He spoke of the expansion of the Roman Empire—mostly a search for sources of raw materials. Then he touched on the professional training of engineers, which first began in this country. "Elsewhere they were still apprentices or advanced mechanics. That was why, in the early days, the American engineers were getting all the best jobs."

He was asked whether a young mining engineer looking for advancement now would find great opportunity in the Soviets. The reply was crisp. "There are more minerals in Montana than in the whole of Russia."

The President's bookplate is a reproduction of one of the woodcuts in a very early book on mining, "Ein Nützlich Bergbüchlin von Allen Metallen" of 1527. In speaking of this he was on his hobby and it was delightful to see him sparkle. His interest in the old German miner Georgius Agricola (whose baptismal name was Georg Bauer) is not merely technical but again broadly pragmatic: Agricola made solid contribution to human progress. Why did Mr. and Mrs. Hoover wrestle for five years with the severe task of putting Agricola's antique Latin technology into satisfactory English? "The book was a milestone on the road of civilization," he says. "Except the book of Genesis, the only attempts to explain natural phenomena had been those of the Greek philosophers and the alchemists. For 180 years" (note, he says "180 years," not "nearly two centuries") "that book was a guide for miners and metallurgists. There is no measure to gauge the benefits enjoyed by humanity through such a work." Mrs. Hoover was a full-time collaborator in the arduous work on this volume. She has an exceptional talent for languages, and Latin is a hobby of hers. This may encourage some high school girls now wrestling with declensions.

Looking up the "De Re Metallica" afterward, I found that Mr. Hoover had written "It is more worthy of preservation than the thousands of volumes devoted to records of human destruction." When this was published in 1912, little could he have guessed how much he himself would soon see of the wreckage of human destruction. I could not help observing, too, in an extract from Duke Maurice's grant of land to Agricola in 1546, a pleasantly contemporary savor:—"... And that he may also, for the necessities of his household, brew his own beer free, and that he may likewise purvey for himself and his household

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foreign beer and also wine for use, and yet he shall not sell any such beer."

The "De Re Metallica" is a great book, and in his notes on the text Mr. Hoover writes crisply, as he talks. Of Martin Luther he says "His Latin was execrable." Of Livy's famous yarn about Hannibal breaking up the Alpine rocks with fire and vinegar he remarks "A study of the commentators would fill a volume with sterile words." He roams freely among allusions to Xenophon, Aristotle, Strabo, Pliny, Josephus.

Mary Austin has told how in 1908 Mr. Hoover motored her from London down to Kent to pay her respects to Joseph Conrad. Mr. Hoover, though also a reader of Conrad, was too shy to join their conversation and stayed outside in the car What a pity! For how much he might have told Conrad about the silver-mines of *Nostromo*.

One does not quote the President of the United States on controversial matters. Yet one has never met a man more worth quoting. He speaks with amazing frankness, and with no trimming of words to please possible favoritisms of the listener. I began to have an obscure vision of a certain kind of patriotism that does not move to music and is not very spectacular. One feels these things in that room. Just behind me was the tablet under the mantel which says that there the Emancipation Proclamation was signed. The old yellow desk, elaborately carved, was built from the timbers of an American whaler that rescued the Polar expedition of Sir John Franklin and was afterward wrecked on the English coast. Queen Victoria had the desk made from the wreck and sent it to the White House. A *study* is the right name for that room: it is full of thought. In the days that have gone by since that visit I have not been able to put that room out of my mind. It is not large. Mussolini, or the president of a big life insurance company, would probably want something more full of tricks. The President spoke of the influence the White House exerts on its occupants. "No one can live here without wanting to do his best. Even men of small stature have been lifted above themselves."

"But I keep thinking," I said, "of the man on whom this enormous responsibility rests. Is it on his mind always, or does he ever get a chance, for a little while, not to think about it?"

"I don't want not to think about it."

The second cigar was finished, the fire had burned low. The *Mayflower* clock chimed 5 bells—10.30. The President led the way to rejoin the ladies. And there, after a few minutes, "Well," he said, "there are some people in this house who have to get up early in the morning."

Thinking back on the pleasure of having seen, for a little while, a great person at work on a great job, I find again in Agricola the delicious political parallel. Agricola says in his note *De Animantibus Subterraneis*—viz. the gnomes of dwarfs that were supposed to frequent underground workings—

> They are called little miners, because of their dwarfish stature, which is about two feet. They idle about in the shafts and tunnels and really do nothing, although they pretend to be busy in all kinds of labor. Sometimes they throw pebbles at the workmen.

Is it not sometimes like that in party politics?

⁂ ⁂

In their own suite the Citizens found a generous dish of fruit set out in each bedroom. With the insouciance of a good conscience, Mrs. Citizen slumbered prompt and sound under her broad canopy. (It was not until breakfast that the President told her humorously that that bed is famous for deaths; there is an old print in the White House that shows President William Henry Harrison expiring in it.) But on his more modest couch her husband found himself too tense for sleep. Not "Hudibras" nor even "San Michele" seemed to meet his needs. Fortunately he had a detective story with him, and that kept his mind from revolving too loosely. He smoked a pipe, taking care to bestow the ashes discreetly in the fireplace. Crumpled on top of the logs he noticed a scrap of paper; with sleuthing instinct he unrolled it. Would this be some discarded memorandum of State? Scribbled on it was the notation *chocolate cake*. This was mysterious, but it seemed to confirm his intuition that the White House is a very human place. He observed that an old Biblical engraving on the wall had once belonged to the French, for it was stamped *Ministère de l'Intérieure*. The gold-embossed stationery tempted him, and he would have liked to write some sort of manifesto; but what? Several times, after wooing unconsciousness, he turned on the light again to read further. But by two o'clock he did not like to do this again. Perhaps there are watchmen or guards about the grounds, he considered. What will they think if they see the light going on and off? The repute of the proletariat was at stake. He lay dubious in the dark. Distant sounds of traffic came faintly from outside. Antiope rang various half hours. The White House must have known many sleepless nights, he reflected. He heard Lincoln's slow footsteps cross the hall; he heard the quick tread of Roosevelt, the massive trudge of Taft, the long pace of Wilson. To this house all these men and their women too had given something: some more, some less, but what they had. He kept remembering what Mr. Hoover had said about the need of a poem. It would need courage to say in public anything so simply true. Among the shadowy walkers in that corridor was one tall homely wraith who would have understood the sooth of it; who in one prose poem of less than 300 words said thoughts that have not perished from the earth.

His final thought was a vote of confidence. The President is a good man, he said to himself. He pronounces *economics* correctly, with a long *e*. Beware of statesmen who call it *eckonomics*!

⁂ ⁂

It is a rash impertinence to comment on any man's taste in reading, which is one of the few privacies left us; but the list the President's friend marked offers valuable comment on his character. He was not interested in wildcat mining, he does not care for wildcat literature. There is a strong sense of reality in his book choices. Hysterias and fantasticoes of post-War taste have mostly passed him by. His tastes in fiction were formed in the Golden Age of reading, the Nineties. He sank his shafts deep into the solid ore of Balzac, Brontë, Cooper, Dickens, Dumas, George Eliot, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Howells, Kipling, Meredith, Scott, Stevenson, Thackeray, Mark Twain. There is a word he is fond of which expresses his faculty: *empirical*. His intuitions are based on practical experiment. As a field geologist knows by the lay of the terrain what reefs are likely below, he knows what kind of book has precious metal for him. There is nothing austerely highbrow in his choice: he enjoyed the same thrillers and comedians that you and I were reared on a little later: Jules Verne, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, W. W. Jacobs, Ruggles of Red Gap. He seeks a good story, not whipped cream fantasy or tinsel cynicism. When anyone remarks that he can find no leisure to read, consider this man of packed concerns who has found time for Arnold Bennett, Barrie, Donn Byrne, Conrad, Edna Ferber, Winston Churchill, Mrs. Deland, Jack London, Wells, Galsworthy, Frank Norris, O. Henry, Emerson Hough, Du Maurier, Weir Mitchell, W. H. Hudson. Though not a great zealot of the detective story he knows his Sherlock Holmes, Agatha Christie, Anna Katharine Green, Mary Roberts Rinehart, S. S. Van Dine. Among later American novelists his favorites seem to be Thomas Nelson Page, Tarkington, Edith Wharton, Stewart Edward White, Willa Cather, Harry Leon Wilson, Zane Grey. There can hardly ever have been a President who has read so much and said so little about it. His gusto is not narrow nor to be labeled in any conventional class. Among American novels he has enjoyed you will find such diverse titles as "The Honorable Peter Stirling," "To Have and To Hold," "A Certain Rich Man," "Giants in the Earth," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "Vandemark's Folly," "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."

Any bookman must delight to see with what sagacious instinct Mr. Hoover has chosen the things that had genuine quartz, and has passed by the showy or ephemeral tailings that publishers are sometimes loud to applaud. Take him on history: he knows his James Bryce, John Fiske, Parkman, Prescott, James Ford Rhodes, Trevelyan, Truslow Adams. Among the poets checked on the list are Chaucer, Dante, Goethe, Homer, Keats, Masefield, Tennyson, Whitman, Whitcomb Riley, and Carl Sandburg. There is just one book he hasn't read which I hope he will some day find time for. I'd love to know what he would think of "Moby Dick."

⁂ ⁂

The President was right: they *did* get up early. By seven o'clock he is ready, in leather jacket and old crumpled hat, for the morning game of medicine ball with a group of his official associates. It was a drizzling March morning, and the grass tennis court at the foot of the White House lawn showed broad slithers of mud in which a supreme court justice or a solicitor general can slide as impartially as an Unknown Citizen. The White House pets—a Norwegian elk-hound and a big gray police dog—frolic on the outskirts of the play and follow the group back to an informal dining room in the basement where coffee and grape fruit are served. Weejee, the Norwegian elkhound, a lovable creature very like a husky, wears an ingenious leather moccasin on a crippled foot. He sat up in an empty chair next the President and shared his toast. (He got his name from Peggy Ann's pronunciation of "Norwegian".)

The medicine ball game is more exciting than the name sounds. It is played like deck tennis, with the massive leather sphere as missile and tennis scoring. Certain special rules have had to be made, the President remarked, on account of the unusual tallness of one of the frequent players, Dr. Wilbur, secretary of the Interior. The group have played this game every week-day morning for more than three years and are very adept; it involves a high competence of knack and strength and is fairly exhausting to the beginner. There is brisk masculine cursing among the others as they scramble to and fro (Mr. Justice Stone has a particularly deadly heave) but the President plays with more silent concentration. For the moment the game is the only thing in his mind. It is not just a game but also a means of keeping fit. Afterward he trots all the way back to the House, followed by the capering dogs. Passers by outside the grounds perhaps only see in the distance a group of middle-aged men tossing a very heavy and muddy ball over a high net. Another might see in it a symbol of an even larger sphere which the courage and goodwill of men must keep in air. Occasionally it goes off the court and a point is lost. But they always bring it back.

There are fifteen minutes of coffee and talk round the basement club table. The talk is casual and offhand, the coffee deliberated and perfect. The regular breakfast is upstairs in a small cosy room with a blazing fire. Grape fruit and hominy and bacon and eggs, and more of that exquisite coffee. A curious hunk of brown woody substance was put by the President's plate. Citizen thought it might be some special tidbit for the dogs, who stay very close to the President's chair. Mrs. Citizen imagined it some sort of gluten bread. It was a burl (or knot) from a redwood tree; soaked in a bowl of water it sends up delicate spires of baby redwood. This was for Mrs. Citizen to take home to the children. After breakfast the President walks across to his office, accompanied by Mrs. Hoover who always sees him cheerfully to his desk. He is at work by 8.30.

If you watch Mr. Hoover catch that heavy medicine ball and return it across the high barrier with dangerous decision, you realize he is very fit. He is fit in more ways than one. You see a man in the prime of power—only 58—who knows how to stand firm under the biggest pressures of life, but who also forgets none of the little things—whether a boot for the pad of a lame dog, or a knot of California magic for children he has never seen.

Going Soft

(*Continued from first page*)

books, more competently written novels are coming from England now than for a decade, and far more than from America. But signs of greatness, of depth of penetration, above all, of novelty in subject matter, or viewpoint, or of that originality which betokens a new world of the imagination in process of creation, these are quite lacking—or, to qualify so broad a statement—quite lacking in the many volumes that the British critics so extravagantly praise. The conscientious American reader, finding among loose sheets one of these pages of laudation, must wonder what nonpareil, what phœnix of a book he has read all unaware, and conclude in all honesty that what he has read of English work this year has been most, if not all, of it run-of-the-mill, good workmanship by second-raters, to be praised as such and no more.

Is there perhaps some connection between this flow of milk and honey from the lips of British critics, and the new protective tariff? Has the "Buy British" movement, however insidiously, had its effect upon the critical mind? The suspicion will not down. We have always maintained in this *Review* that British criticism of American books, with a few insular, and more ignorant, exceptions, has been fair and often generous, and we have observed no attempt to cry down the American literary market (unless by neglect), but the English novel is surely bring cried up to boom heights, beyond which there will have to be coined a new language of superlatives.

At this precise moment there is more difference between British and American literature than at any time in the past history of the nations. There is a difference in tone. Our literature has been hardening in ratio to the sentimentalizing of American politics and American business. The British novel, and the British drama, have both been going soft. Is it because their politics and their social readjustments are more realistic than ours? Has the literary imagination relaxed because the nation deserves relaxation? Our literature is now seeking reality as the passing British generation—Wells, Shaw, Bennett, the early Galsworthy—sought it in the first decades of the century. These new English books try to escape reality. We Americans are sick of so many things—selfish and incompetent business exploiters, greedy and short-sighted veterans, empty-worded and ignorant politicians, leaders afraid of the shadows of the crowd, a governmental system which creaks at every point from age and inefficiency—and our best imagination more and more becomes ironical, rebellious, realistic, and stern. Criticism is hardening here also; but British criticism is softening, being led instead of leading, seeking to please instead of seeking a truth. British fiction and British drama are indulging once more in sentiment (as perhaps they can afford to), and British criticism follows. This is a more charitable explanation than to suppose a conspiracy among English makers of publicity to boost sales at home by kind words, and to stun the American buyer into acquiescence by organized cheering.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Blood and Sand, and Art

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON. By ERNEST HEMINGWAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

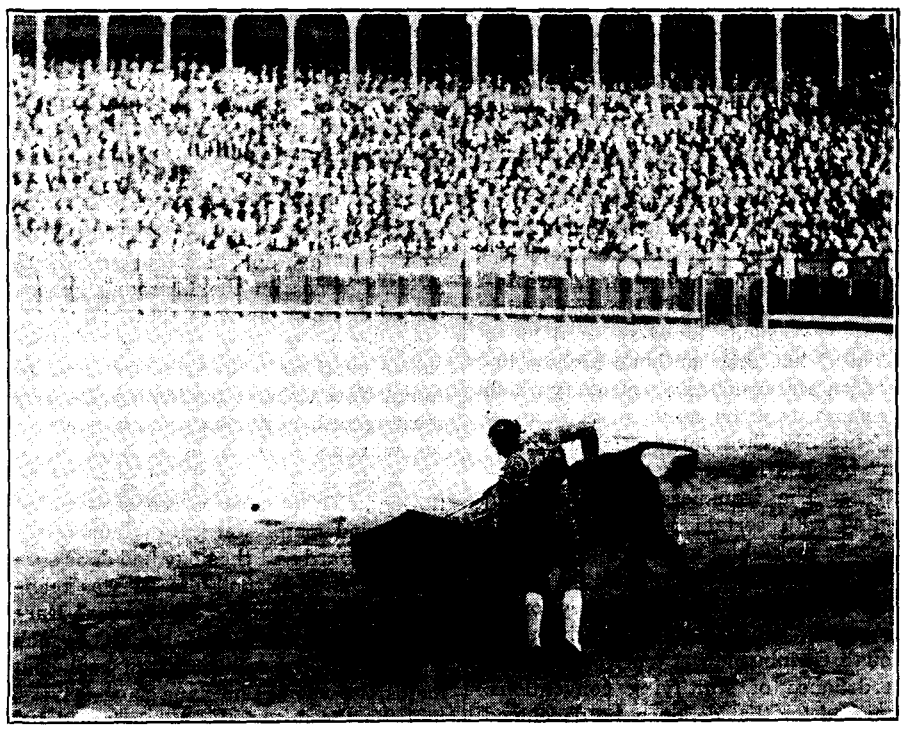
THIS book will meet with three kinds of reviewers, those who dislike bullfighting, those who like it, and those who know nothing about it; and the reviews will be consequently conditioned. To expose the conditioning factors of the present review, let me say at the outset that I like bullfighting to the point of loving it when it is good, and that I know a little about it. I have seen Marcial Lalanda, "the most complete and masterly fighter in bullfighting today," during the seasons of 1929 and 1930, which Hemingway marks as the first of his great years; and Nicanor Villalta when he was at his best, or at least what I thought must be his best, and at his worst; and Chicuelo, when both cowardly and inspired; and Felix Rodriguez, before he became ill; and Nino de la Palma, and Cagancho, and Bejarano, and Manolo Bienvenida, and Algabeno; and Sidney Franklin, whose cape work struck me, even when I was only guessing at what Hemingway has now told me, as the perfection of classical restraint and beauty. And—with "Death in the Afternoon" before me to furnish reminders and hints on almost every page—I remember the individual performances of these men, their tricks of style and technique, their weakness and their strength, their successes and failures, as the amateur of symphony concerts remembers the performances of various conductors.

But, let me repeat, my practical experience has been very limited,—only a few men, killing a few bulls in a few ways; whereas Hemingway has, with technical knowledge increasing through the years, watched more than fifteen hundred bulls killed (and too many men killed also) in all the ways at the command of contemporary fighters. Besides, he has lived with bullfighters at work and at play, and watched them die in the infirmary; he has got at the thoughts behind the foreheads of managers, breeders, horse contractors, professional bullfight critics, and sword handlers; he has visited the great farms on which the fighting bulls are bred, seen them branded, watched them being tested at the age of two, witnessed their fights among themselves, and followed their progress in the ring; he has tried his hand at amateur fights, when the horns were padded, and discovered that he "was too old, too heavy, and too awkward," and that his "figure was the wrong shape, being thick in all the places where it should be lithe." In short, his knowledge of the art has grown to match his instinctive love of it; and he has written a book in which technical explanations burn with emotion because of the passion that is mated with the science. And I, having read this book with close attention and continuous excitement, must testify that of the little I now know about bullfighting ten per cent is due to personal experience, and ninety per cent to "Death in the Afternoon," which has clarified the significance of that experience, and transformed into scientific and esthetic certainties many intuitions.

So I take it that, in one case at least, this book has precisely performed half of its intended function: to explain to the person who has seen bullfighting, without really knowing much about it, just what it is that he has seen. The other half, of course, is to prepare those who have never seen a bullfight for their first encounter with the art. This half is the more difficult; just how difficult Hemingway *himself admits* when he reaches his seventh chapter:

> There are two sorts of guide books; those that are read before and those that are to be read after and the ones that are to be read after the fact are bound to be incomprehensible to a certain extent before; if the fact is of enough importance in itself. So with any book on mountain ski-ing, sexual intercourse, wing shooting, or any other thing which it is impossible to make come true on paper, or at least impossible to attempt to make more than one version of at a time on paper, it always being an individual experience, there comes a place in the guide book where you must say do not come back until you have ski-ed, had sexual intercourse, shot quail or grouse, or been to the bullfight so that you will know what we are talking about. So from now on it is inferred that you have been to the bullfight.

But, difficult or not, Hemingway has done his best to write a book that will prove at least intelligible to the reader who has not seen a bullfight, that will prepare him for the spectacle and properly orientate his thinking; a book that will truly serve as an emotional and technical introduction to its subject. And he has so written it that, if it is intelligible before, it is nothing less than a revelation afterward. He has written of the art in all its aspects, from every point of view; historical, critical, emotional, and esthetic. He has revealed its glory and its baseness; he has pointed to the heights which the art can reach, and uncovered the depths to which, because it is a commercial art, it descends. He has explained the ways



CHICUELO—WHO COULD DO THIS

in which bulls are bred and selected; the tricks of breeders who would breed their animals down in size, and length of horn, and courage, for the convenience of the fighters. He has exposed the wiles of the horse contractor bargaining with the picador, and the corruption of the peone who leads wounded horses from the ring, that they may be sewn up to fight again, instead of killing them when he should. He has explained the formal divisions of the bullfight, and the significance and importance of each: the first act with the picadors, the second act with the planting of the banderillas or darts, and the third act of death, which ends with the actual killing that the Spaniards call "the moment of truth." He has described all the customs, costumes, weapons, and living factors in the spectacle; he has told us how to distinguish the really brave bull from the pawing, snorting animal that only appears so; how to distinguish between true danger, and danger that is faked by the fighter for the benefit of his more ignorant public; how to tell when the picador (the man on horseback armed with the spiked pole) is doing his work well, and when he is doing it ill; how to estimate the work done by the banderillero (who places the darts); how to evaluate the work with the muleta (the scarlet cloth which the matador uses as a lure in the last act, and with which eh should dominate the bull, and place him in position for the kill), differentiating between the difficulty of its use in the right or the left hand; how to judge the final work with the sword, honest or faked, brilliant or merely competent or wretched. And these things he does in a book written entirely to his own liking (he is permitted to say things that no English or American publisher has let an author say before), stuffed with savage wit and enlivened by amusing digressions, and couched in a prose that must be called perfect because it states with absolute precision what it is meant to state, explains what it is meant to explain beyond possibility of misunderstanding, and communicates to the reader the emotion with which it is so heavily charged.

Perhaps a little parenthetical evidence direct from the text, should be presented at this point. From the fifty references I have jotted down, I choose one at random as an example of Hemingway's mastery of technical explanation:

> The greatest pass with the muleta, the most dangerous to make and the most beautiful to see is the natural. In this the man faces the bull with the muleta held in his left hand, the sword in his right, the left arm hanging naturally at his side, the scarlet cloth dropping in a fold over the stick that supports it and which the man holds as you see in the picture. The man walks toward the bull and cites [challenges his attention to provoke a charge] with the muleta and as he charges the man simply sways with the charge, swinging his left arm ahead of the bull's horns, the man's body following the curve of the charge, the bull's horns opposite his body, the man's feet still, he slowly swings his arm holding the cloth ahead of the bull and pivots, making a turn of a quarter-circle with the bull. If the bull stops the man may cite him again and describe another quarter of a circle with him, and again, and again, and again. I have seen it done six successive times; the man seeming to hold the bull with the muleta as though by magic. If the bull instead of stopping with the charge, and what stops him is a final flick the man gives the lowest end of the cloth at the end of each pass, and the great twist that has been given his spinal column through the curve the matador has forced him to describe in bending him around, turns and re-charges, the man may get rid of him by a pase de pecho, or pass past the chest. This is the reverse of the pass natural. Instead of the bull coming from in front and the man moving the muleta slowly before his charge, in the pase de pecho the bull, having turned, comes from behind or from the side, and the man swings the muleta forward, lets the bull go past the man's chest, and sends him away with the sweep of the folds of scarlet cloth. The chest pass is the most impressive when it completes a series of naturals or when it is forced by an unexpected return and charge of the bull and is used by the man to save himself rather than as a planned manœuvre. The ability to execute a series of naturals and then to finish them off with the chest pass mark a real bullfighter.

This, I submit, is very clear and very fine writing; and Hemingway describes every phase of the bullfight, from the first trailing of the first cape as the bull enters the arena to the final death thrust, in prose of the same quality. As for the emotion of which I have spoken, any reader who ruffles a few pages will encounter it; but if he is in a hurry for samples he may turn to the death of Gitanillo on page 218, or to the death of Todo on page 239.

Throughout this review I have spoken steadily of bullfighting as an art, and the passage quoted is that of an art critic writing of the techinque of an art. This is the first point which must be driven home to the Anglo-Saxon reader: that bullfighting is not a contest, and only secondarily a sport, but an art. It is hard to persuade him of this, for the vulgar notion of bullfighting is that it is a contest between a man and a bull to see which will emerge from the ring alive, and that it is a very unfair contest because a Joselito kills fifteen hundred bulls, while it takes that number of bulls finally to kill one Joselito. And this vulgar notion is completely wrong. The man's object is not merely to kill the bull, but to kill him in a certain way, in a very beautiful way (sculpturally speaking) which has become formalized by tradition and convention, and in the most exciting way because it is precisely the way which compels the man to expose himself to the greatest danger. The perfect bullfight is the one which combines the maximum of daring, beauty, and danger on the man's part, with the maximum of bravery, endurance, speed, and directness on the bull's part. This ideal is seldom realized, and the difference between a good fight and a bad one is the difference between a masterpiece and a daub, but unless the bullfighter does his best to approximate this ideal he will be driven from the ring with shrieks and catcalls or pelted from it with cushions and other solid but throwable objects. All these things, however, are said perfectly, patiently, and at length in Hemingway's book; and no reader can put down that book ignorant of the fact that bullfighting is a tragic art, operating upon the initiated spectators with the cathartic power of tragedy, a tragedy not only beautiful at its best, but one which communicates, at its highest moment, a sense of immortality in the very presence of death.

Of this book I have said only a fraction of what I wished to say, and said it less well than I would have liked. I have not mentioned the many remarkable photographs, admirably chosen, wisely grouped, and captioned with as much wit as expert knowledge; nor the very useful glossary of Spanish words and terms used in bullfighting, into which sardonic wit also enters; nor the exceedingly amusing group of case histories illustrating various initial reactions to bullfighting, which the author has compiled; nor a brief and just estimate of the American Sidney Franklin, as fighter and artist. Nor have I mentioned "The Old Lady," invented on page 64, and thrown out of the book (much to my regret) on page 190, with whom Hemingway conducts the most sprightly, various, informative, and scandalous conversations. Nor have I referred to his startling frankness in treating the personalities, and professional characteristics, of living bullfighters. In-

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

deed, looking back, I see that I have barely hinted at the fun which "Death in the Afternoon" affords. It was probably a mistake. But the fun is incidental to the serious work of a serious literary artist; it is the comic relief to a genuine work of artistic criticism; the froth on the surface of a book that will confirm many readers in their belief that Ernest Hemingway, in the handling of words as an interpretation of life, is not a brilliant and ephemeral novillero, but a matador possessed of solid and even classic virtues.

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Swinburne

SWINBURNE: A LITERARY BIOGRAPHY. By GEORGES LAFOURCADE. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by CLYDE K. HYDER

IF the Spirit Ironic of "The Dynasts" has not long since grown weary of the human spectacle, he might well pause to smile at the strange vicissitudes of a poet's fame. Once branded by the English *Saturday Review* as the most unnatural writer on love since Swift, by President Noah Porter of Yale as a lecherous priest of Venus, by Emerson as a leper, Swinburne is now lauded for the very qualities which long stirred opprobrium.

SWINBURNE, BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON
From "A History of Caricature," by Bohun Lynch (Little, Brown).

Scores of comments more severe than those just cited demonstrate the falsity of the view, repeated by most writers on Swinburne, that John Morley "created"—in the words of the latest of these writers—"the immortality of 'Poems and Ballads.'" In his earlier "La Jeunesse de Swinburne," M. Lafourcade came near to the recognition that Morley was more than the leader of a few critical jackals to a blood-feast, that he was in fact the spokesman of an entire generation. This gifted French scholar has recently determined to play the role of a somewhat tardy Balaam's ass to a Victorian Mrs. Grundy. Wordsworth, one recalls, seemed to increase in stature when it was discovered that he had had a mistress. Swinburne's abnormal eroticism now becomes an excuse for claiming that poet as "modern": "In refusing to suppress some of the deepest sexual tendencies of his nature he was un-Victorian." Again: "He fed his inspiration from the live springs of his own experience. . . . He was resolutely himself. It is in that sense that Swinburne is truly a modern."

Before considering this central idea of M. Lafourcade's latest study, an idea supported by more than a modicum of truth, one must hasten to affirm that no man is better equipped than he to add to our knowledge of Swinburne. He has abundance of information; and even when his new facts concern mere genealogical details, they are often picturesque, like the story of Henry Swinburne's grandmother, who walked in Newcastle "with a mob after her on account of having had thirty children"—though it may be surmised that such unusual fecundity bears small relation to the future poet's sterility.

To readers of his "Jeunesse" much of Lafourcade's latest study will, however, be familiar. Rather disappointing is the absence of fresh information (of course M. Lafourcade should not be blamed for what may be unavailable) in regard to the poet's relations with Jane Faulkner and the notorious Menken. One bibliographical hypothesis will be attractive, by the way, at least till the evidence is more carefully examined—the suggestion that Swinburne contributed three articles, written in French and signed "Herbert Harvey," to Mallarmé's review.

This interesting possibility M. Lafourcade treats with due caution. So nearly impeccable, indeed, is his scholarship that errors of fact are negligible. His English style is, moreover, surprisingly lucid. Because of its wider scope the new study is better proportioned than the earlier one in French. But its criticism contains occasional faults of perspective. An extended judicious appraisal of Watts-Dunton has been in large measure anticipated by Chew and Rutland. A statement that the chief value of "A Study of Shakespeare" is its attack on Furnivall must be sharply questioned. One regrets to find "On the Cliffs" described as "the high water mark of Swinburne's mature poetry," "The Tale of Balen" receiving cursory mention and "A Nympholept" apparently none. Still more reprehensible is the curt dismissal of "Erechtheus" as "a perfect birthday offering, cold, pure, and harmless."

On the other hand, M. Lafourcade exalts writings like the unpublished "Lesbia Brandon." However significant for autobiographical revelation, are these the "perfect works of art" in which the poet embodies his "sensibility"? And if a part of "Poems and Ballads" is among such works, as it surely is, M. Lafourcade betrays his cause in admitting that "the secret springs of [its] inspiration" are not clear to ordinary readers. How, then, are these readers to appreciate the author's "modern" outlook? Poems like "Dolores," that "mystical rose of the mire," are indeed born like the evil blossom which Swinburne called "blood-red and bitter of fruit," but their author's highest inspiration transcends an abnormality which is remote from the center of human experience. No, Swinburne was not "modern" because he expressed sadistic tendencies. The frankness of Catullus in dealing with certain aspects of passion does not make him more "modern" than Chaucer.

Surely M. Lafourcade's conception of the poet's "sensibility" is not inclusive enough. Swinburne was truly one of us in his defiance of stultifying conventions. Punished for that defiance, he developed a kind of antibody in resistance to the poisonous toxins of hostility, an incomparable power of invective not yet sufficiently recognized as a mark of his greatness. He is decidedly of us, too, because he wrote, not "Songs after Sunset," as M. Lafourcade (misled by a regard for mere fact) christens them, but "Songs before Sunrise," heralding in these and in "Erechtheus" that dawn of an era of civic conscience which is becoming more indispensable with the increasing complexity of life; for only by that dawn can man remain "the master of things." Finally, as M. Lafourcade more admirably recognizes, Swinburne is significant because he was often a consummate craftsman with a genius for fervor of lyric emotion and energy of language. Why seek to accord authors the mistaken flattery of tagging them "modern," whatever that abused adjective may mean? When Charles Lamb, the writer whom Swinburne most adored, declared his intention of writing for antiquity he set on record for all time the glorious platitude that great art is not modern, but eternal.

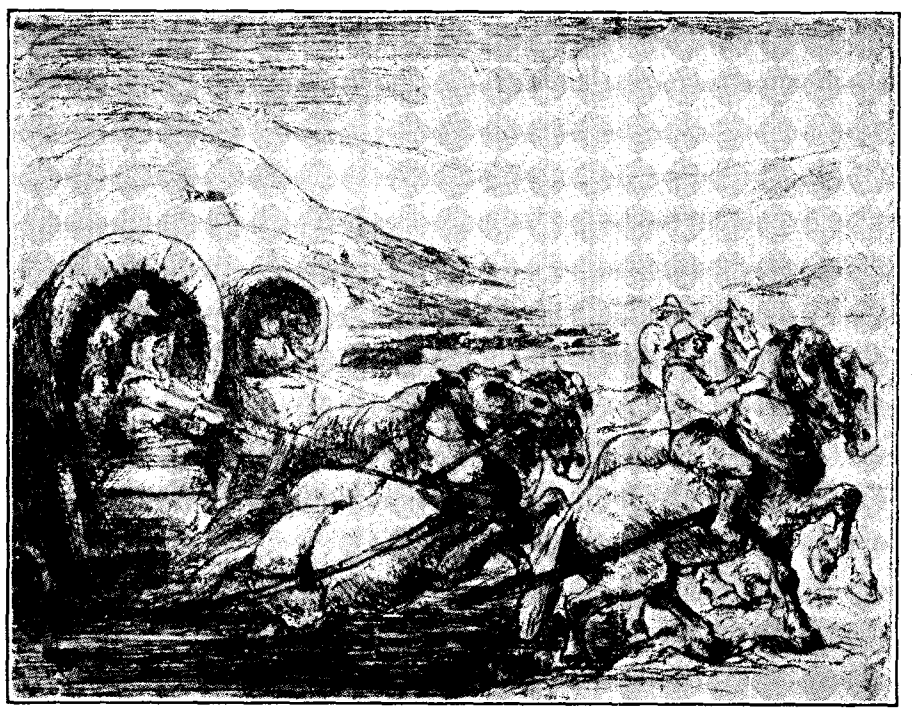
Western Life 1815-1825

RECOLLECTION OF THE LAST TEN YEARS. By TIMOTHY FLINT. Edited with an introduction by C. Hartley Grattan. (Americana Deserta Series, edited by Bernard De Voto.) New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

TIMOTHY FLINT, a Yankee clergyman, drove his family across the mountains to Pittsburgh as autumn reddened the leaves in 1815; observing on the way the tide of settlers—farmers in Pittsburgh wagons, a Connecticut printer about to set up a paper in Kentucky, a German minister bound to Lutherans on the Big Miami, and drovers among whom he dropped "as by accident that impressive tract 'The Swearer's Prayer.'" He made a good missionary; Frances Trollope, meeting him long after in Cincinnati, found him a man of culture and light; and he was an unwearied traveller. With youthful energy, he made missionary work an excuse for seeing the country. From Cincinnati as a base he explored Kentucky, lingering in the semi-classic shades of Lexington. He was shortly descending the Ohio to St. Louis, and took up a temporary residence at St. Charles on the Missouri; he explored Illinois; we soon find him dropping down the Mississippi and making side-excursions into Arkansas; and he found New Orleans fascinating. Reading these records of his ten years of wandering, we can see why he loved to travel. He was equally fond of wild nature—of birds, flowers, alligators, bears, scenery—and of the varied manifestations of human nature. Harvard and theology had done surprisingly little to spoil him. He was keenly curious regarding "Tippecanoe" Harrison, Indian chiefs and braves, French squaw-men, the tall stories of keel-boat hands, the way of Louisiana slave-drivers, and the Creoles of the Mississippi delta. He had a good nose for news, and makes a lively story out of everything: the great earthquake in the New Madrid region, the latest stories of gouging and duelling, the slavery fight in Missouri in 1820-21, his experiences when he all but died of malaria fever, the morals of New Orleans, the burial of his new-born baby on the upper Mississippi, and so on through his endless experiences and observations.

All this is told with a simplicity and quietness that is better than art. He knew that he saw the West as men would never see it again. He saw wild solitudes that a few years later were transformed by settlement; in his ten years Cincinnati rose from a small town to a city of 16,000, and the Ohio and Illinois wilderness gave way to well-kept farms. These were hard years in the West. Beginning in 1816 the drop of prices on the Atlantic seaboard and the failure of banks in the newer States struck the pioneer communities a series of blows. But the growth never stopped. If Flint was tempted to heighten the colors in which he painted the changing West, to add a little rhetoric to the remarkable adventures he was always drawing out of pioneers and hunters, he resisted the temptation. Even the wildest tales of hurricanes, Indian outrages, and river pirates are told in a matter-of-fact fashion. Flint was also quietly tolerant. Unlike Timothy Dwight, who denounced backwoodsmen, he understood and sympathized with the pioneer. His clerical training did not incapacitate him from listening with relish to profane boatmen as they told of their amours. Though a Northerner opposed on principle to slavery, he gives a fair and kindly view of the life and treatment of slaves. His book has its limitations. A little more acid in Flint's nature would have made him a more biting and incisive observer. But it is an invaluable source for Western life 1815-1825, and it is a praiseworhty enterprise that gives the book its first reprinting since it was published in 1826.



PIONEERS CROSSING A RIVER—BY EUGENE HIGGINS
From "Contemporary American Prints" (American Art Dealers Association)

The Inner Island

ANOTHER LANGUAGE. By ROSE D. FRANKEN. New York: Samuel French. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS H. DICKINSON

THE play of family life has never been as popular with American as with European playwrights, perhaps because the patterns of family life are not as fixed here as they are supposed to be abroad. When, therefore, one of the outstanding plays of the metropolitan season happens to be a play which builds an edifice of family solidarity in the midst of the currents of Manhattan the fact calls for some comment.

Mrs. Franken's play, "Another Language," is one of the most truthful and appealing plays of this or many seasons. In so saying it must be remarked that much of its appeal has been secured at the price of adherence to the older, rather than the more recent, standards of playwriting. I do not say this in censure; rather in praise, for no quality in the theater can be secured save at a price. Some plays achieve veracity both in their characters and in their social groupings. The great majority even of the best of recent plays have tended rather to accuracy of social motivation than to the precisions of character. It is the chief distinction of this play that it employs the machinery of a group to cast into relief the subtleties of personality. The action of the play moves entirely within the group made up of father and mother Hallam, their four middle-aged sons with their wives, and one of their grandsons, Jerry. All the characters are revealed crisply and sympathetically, but the author saves her high lights for the two members of the family, Stella, the wife of Victor, and Jerry, the son of Paul and Etta, who stand apart from the rest by reason of a greater spiritual delicacy.

It might easily be said that no family so solid as the Hallam family would be possible in New York today. I am disposed to this view myself. But I am willing to accept the solidity of the family group because I recognize that its gradations and colorings of blindness, insensibility, and lethargy do not pertain to a single family alone but constitute the author's criticism of American life. Stella plays with the idea of art; Jerry dreams of escape to Europe. They do not love each other. Stella clings desperately to the vestiges that remain of the fine young man she had married. Stella and Jerry are thrown together in desperate loneliness because in the family, unlike society, the struggles of those of finer temper to break the net tend to come to something like crisis. If I read the play correctly, it is only incidentally a play of the family. It is dedicated to the misfits who in all the regimented circles of American life find themselves speaking "another language." The success of this play is amply deserved. Mrs. Franken has something to say in the theater.

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THE GOD OF RICHES WHO BRINGS HAPPINESS
From a popular Chinese print reproduced in "Asiatic Mythology" (Crowell).

Of the Good Earth

SONS. By PEARL S. BUCK. New York: The John Day Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by TAI JEN

AS "The Good Earth" is a more balanced work than "Sons," so "Sons" is a more powerful one. The comparatively even strokes of the writer, her American-Chinese style, the simple plot of the story, the gentle life of the characters, the gradual evolution of characters and events—all count toward the rippling atmosphere of the former; whereas the surer and more vigorous strokes of the writer, her still more diffused American-Chinese style, her larger mental area, and the complex plot of the story, the irregular turns of characters and events, the more involved life of the characters—all contribute to the strength of the latter. "The Good Earth" may be a better novel because of this balance, and because of the writer's full control there. There every step of hers falls on some substantial ground; there she knows her characters, their business and their lives; there she deals with everything she really loves and hates; there her understanding of the Chinese can fulfil the demand of her sympathy to a great extent. Yet "Sons" presents to us the same message she presented in "The Good Earth" more clearly and beautifully, though it falls short of such charming familiarities: that the Chinese are what they are, and they must be what they are, or else they lose their own identity.

Again, as has just been mentioned, the style of "Sons" is even more Chinese than that of "The Good Earth" as a result of the writer's deliberate imitation of "Sui Hu," the Chinese novel she is translating. She imitated "Sui Hu," not merely because she loves it, but because the life of adventure of Wang the Tiger, the hero of "Sons," which is less familiar to the writer, compels her to do so, for the novel contains all such models. In other words, the writer does not know the character of Wang the Tiger as well as she knows that of O-Lan, the wife of Wang Lung the farmer, or that of Pear Blossom, his concubine, or even that of Wang Lung himself, and she had to resort to such an imitation. Thus treading on less familiar ground, and deliberately imitating, we feel her powers all coming into play, but we also feel less freedom here; we feel the strength as well as the aloofness of her style, and we feel the stage as being far removed from our eyes.

The plot of "Sons" deserves all the compliment we can give. It begins with a turning point, the death of Wang Lung, and ends with a turning point, the awakening of self-realization in Wang the Tiger and the determination of his son to return to the earthen house—to the good earth. Moreover, the two parts of this one plot, the domestic tumults at home and the ventures far away are well bound together by the death of the aged fatehr, Wang Lung, at first, then the business transactions between Wang the Tiger and his second brother through his harelipped trusty man, and then Wang the Tiger's second marriage and his homecoming. Furthermore, the constant recall of the good earth throughout the story, the reappearance of the old man's spirit in Pear Blossom, in the son of Wang the Tiger, and in the brothers occasionally, not only tighten the whole story, but also link it firmly with that of "The Good Earth"; and the two stories become clearly two parts of a common theme, namely, the rise and fall of the families.

The rise and fall of the families is the rise and fall of the Chinese race. Out of the good earth they have come, to the good earth they must return, or else disintegrate. Thus (this may not be exactly the intention of the writer) the rise and fall of the families is at once an individual experience and a symbol, an ideal and a tradition; and the people thus concerned are at once the fathers and sons, the mothers and daughters of convention and revolt, the victims and victimizers of fate. And in the presence or absence of their self-realization, the good keeping or ill disposal of their good native elements, lies their rise and fall. However, though the temptation of these people is great, yet their heritage is so immense that it more than compensates for their vanities; and they will eventually be strong enough to pull themselves through such dire circumstances. Should all these be what the writer meant to convey to us through these two novels, then the writer has certainly caught a large portion of that abiding spirit of the people she undertook to introduce to the Western audience.

The leading character of "Sons," Wang the Tiger, is exceedingly good so far as he remains static, but he becomes flat the moment he acts. Even O-lan, the heroine of "The Good Earth" and the finest character the writer has given us so far, is not free from this flatness. The writer has not yet grasped the entirety of the Chinese action though she certainly knows more about that of the Chinese women than that of the Chinese men.

Again she has not yet grasped the entire content of the Chinese attitude of life. For this reason, she presents to us either a world of required formalities or a world of compulsory obeisance even under normal circumstances instead of the perfectly happy willingness that keeps precious and ever sacred, but the harder to understand, the "five human relations" of the Chinese people. For this reason, despite her sincere efforts to present the whole picture, we feel a lack of something most important in "Sons" and in "The Good Earth," we even feel something alien thrusting out here and there. For this reason, she has been mistakenly accused by some Chinese as unwise and insincere. She lacks that magic touch of the great artist, of course, and she needs more imagination; but she is certainly sincere, certainly eager to understand; and she certainly understands the Chinese very well. Though her mockery of their passionate life and self-wrought downfall comes out here and there, yet her admiration and consciousness of their immense latent capacity stand out predominant. Without her sincerity there cannot be such sense of responsibility. Without this sense of responsibility there cannot be such a penetrating insight. Such are her virtues as we see in "Sons" and "The Good Earth." Many works of this present age of irresponsibility lack such virtues as hers. We need that martyr spirit of the Great Masters—we need a Chü Yüan, a Milton.

Out of a Job

FIRED. By KARL A. SCHENZINGER. Translated by S. GUY ENDORE. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $2.

RIDING home from work in a crowded street car, Bruno Steffens heard a laborer's voice pronounce the word "fired." Later he heard the same word from his landlady; her husband had lost the job he had held for ten years. Next he heard it from the lips of his cousin, Eugene Posse: "Wait until you've been fired. Then let's hear you talk. You'll pipe a different tune." He heard it echoed on all sides.

> Suddenly, there it was: everywhere. Crept out of all the drawers, came toward him from every corner. He read it between every line, it was an overtone to every remark, part of every instruction, the hidden subject of every conversation. It lay cowering in ambush, concealed in every crack. By no means a new word. It was in fact rather dull and worn with use. People had always been subject to discharge. At all times positions had been filled and vacated and filled again. Employees themselves had made changes. But this was different. Now the vacated places were left empty. The empty positions were not filled. People were not only discharged, their positions were wiped out.

Small wonder Bruno Steffens could not escape the word; the place was Berlin, and the year was 1930.

Newspaper readers familiar with the economic reports and unemployment statistics that have been coming out of Germany will find those impersonal statements and figures translated into human beings in this sombre and depressing novel; and, as individual tragedy is always more poignantly moving than mass tragedy, and more readily comprehensible, this book brings home to us, as mere figures cannot, the chaos and despair through which the German people have been passing. Germany is an abstraction, but such folk as Bruno Steffens, the young engineer; Margot, his sweetheart; Friedrich Aue, her banker father; Helen, her sister; the Lubecke family with whom Bruno lodges; Eugene Posse, the Hitlerite; and Hofmeister, the Communist—such folk as these are real. They are the flesh and blood behind the statistics.

"Fired" is the story of what life, as postwar Germany knows it, does to these people; and the tale is grim. Bruno is discharged, he and Margot are swept apart by the eddies of the economic tide, and their unborn illegitimate child is destroyed; Herr Aue, forced to resign from the Deka Bank, is ruined and driven to suicide, and his helpless wife is left in poverty; Herr Lubecke, the portly doorman, corrupted by unemployment, goes to jail as a receiver of stolen goods; his daughter's health is broken by slaving in a department store, and his wife is thrown upon the world; Eugene Posse, struck down in a political riot, pays for his convictions with his legs. Only Helen Aue rides the whirlwind, beautiful, serene, and calculating, by attaching herself to a mysterious gentleman of whom the author tells us little, and whose profiteering methods remain hidden from the inquiring reader. There is no allocation of blame for all this human wreckage. The novelist speaks for no political party, but records the arguments of the petty bourgeois, the proletarian, and the Nazi with almost equal indifference. He does not say, this would have prevented disaster; that should have been done in time. He suggests no panacea, endorses no program of reconstruction. When Frau Aue shakes her head and exclaims, "I don't know what is to become of us all," he can only reply with Margot: "None of us know that nowadays." He simply tells his story.

Obviously that story must be interesting to anyone who is interested in the world around him. Obviously we, who live in a land where the number of unemployed is now variously estimated to be from seven to twelve million, cannot peruse it lightly. Reading this novel, we cannot say, "There, but for the grace of God. . . ." We, too, have heard the word that obsessed Bruno Steffens; whether it will die away on the wind or swell to thunder we cannot be sure. But the timely significance of "Fired," and the intellectual and emotional awareness that we bring to it, should not blind us to its deficiencies. It is not a great novel; it cannot be justly called even a powerful novel, for its only power is latent in the material with which the author has worked, and his handling of that material has released no new energy. The tragedy of the book is not cumulative, but diffused; its potency wanes rather than waxes; and the narrative trails off to an ineffectual conclusion. But, despite what such a novel might have been, this novel as it stands is well worth reading in 1932.

A Tale of the Southland

THE LAUGHING PIONEER. By PAUL GREEN. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by MARISTAN CHAPMAN

THIS first novel by a successful playwright moves so modestly that its true significance dawns only in retrospect. It is a picture of life in the North Carolina plains country done with the vividness of an etching. The illusion of reality is maintained so skilfully that a reader contemplating the picture awakes with a belated shock to the realization that he has seen more than his nerves can well bear. Accustomed as we are to novels of the Southland as pretty-pretty, day-dream romances that distract the mind, or as revealing treatises composed by unripe realists, it is good to come upon one which, like "The Laughing Pioneer," points the way of escape from that artistic lethargy which has fallen upon folk literature in the last decade.

The story concerns the ageing "maiden lady," Alice Long, one of the plantation quality. Her father "had been one of the few Little Bethel aristocrats" and a wild blade, but he is at the time of the story in a state of unsavory dotage. Alice had spent her life looking after the place, caring for her father, and cultivating a patch of cotton just big enough to yield pocket money. Although barely literate, owing to her isolated and poverty-ridden upbringing, she held to traditional ideals. She kept to herself, and her isolation was considered suitable and proper, as there were none of the quality left to neighbor with. Consternation sets in when Miss Alice sends to the right about her patient lover (who has been calling on her every Sunday afternoon for years by her father's request) and establishes as the sharer of her house a vagrant, guitar-playing, nineteen-year-old boy.

PAUL GREEN

The book is simple, homely tragedy, the

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sort of thing that happens, and has always happened, when individual passion breaks the bounds of conventions set by those who have no passions. It is the old theme of a woman dying for love, because the code under which she was reared forbade that love, but the author brings the theme to life and authenticates it. The absence of melodrama, considering the given circumstances, is more startling than any number of lurid scenes.

For the outstanding merit of the book is in its character-drawing. Alice Long, in less capable hands, would have been the figure of fun or object of pity to which we have grown wearily inured in "tales of the Southland" fiction. But the author has saved the individual from all traces of the typical, with the paradoxical result that Alice Long will remain the representative of her class for all time.

We are introduced to this seemingly ordinary woman of scant education and no wide experience, and discover in her an astounding tenacity of spirit. In the midst of the dullest of lives she goes her uneventful way, doing the household and farm chores in steady routine, and incidentally shattering the peace of the county, deflecting the lives of three men from their orbits, calmly committing justifiable patricide as a reaction against her thwarted years (an unpretentious act done with a chilling matter-of-factness, and never discovered), and ultimately dying the victim of her warring passions; dying because these passions, by her rule of life, must be imprisoned in a conventional exterior order. The author's skill is manifest in that, for all its intensity, the thesis never shows through thin spots in the story, nor does he permit it to break the illusion of the narrative.

Perhaps we must thank Mr. Green's experience in playwriting for the vividness with which he stamps each character upon the memory. Even such minor characters as "my sister Mame" and "the old man Lawton" have the quality of duration. All the characters in "The Laughing Pioneer" are people in their own right. Oddly enough, the only character not fully rounded, the only one lacking the third dimension, is Danny Lawton, the Laughing Pioneer, who gives the title to the book. Starting out valiantly, he is compelled to insignificance by the demanding needs of the old order into which he strays. The old order, dying, calls for new blood, and fastens itself upon the singer of the roads. It is natural that the vampirism should leave him bloodless, but it should not do so in the literary sense.

The defects of the book lie in the disproportionate length of some of the interpolated anecdotes, and in certain unnecessary inversions of phrase. These may be the result of carelessness, but they spoil, with a note of lyrical affectation, some of the finest descriptive passages.

Paul Green's happiest quality is his gift for creating scene and atmosphere. In this, his first, novel, he shows himself an artist of power and insight, both made potent by a slicing satire so narrow as to slip between the lines, and by a lyric touch in composition—this last being inherent in the melody of the people of whom he writes.

Maristan Chapman is a Tennessean who has written in "The Happy Mountain," "Home Place," and "Weather Tree" some of the most effective of the recent novels on Southern mountain folk.

. . . I think it was Dr. Johnson who said that nobody would write at all, except for money. The Doctor could be an awful old ass at times; and yet, of course, professional writers know what he was driving at when he made that ill-considered remark. I have just been reading the Bible again, and I have run onto some awfully good stuff that probably never made a cent for the *authors, although in the last couple of hundred years certain publishing*-houses have cashed in on it to an enormous extent. It isn't the money that makes people start writing, and stick to it; it is the hope of publication. The exhibition of the ego in public places means more to us writers than money. If I had a hundred million dollars I would go on writing; if I worked a sewing machine all day long in a sweat-shop I would go on writing. In its highest phase the writing mania proceeds from the wish to break down, somehow, that awful barrier which exists between soul and soul, and share even bitterness, if there is neither knowledge nor joy to be shared; in its lower manifestations it may be merely exhibitionism, and yet, there, too, is the wistful hope of being better understood. Those who write *only* for money, and who would cease to write if they had enough money without it, I don't consider writers at all. The money is pretty welcome, of course, if you can manage to connect with it. Those lonely, timid, fine souls who write and never show it to any human being at all, show it to God; they are the supreme egoists. They think nobody else could appreciate it.

Don Marquis

A Tale of the Samurai

THE NEEDLE-WATCHER. By RICHARD BLAKER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. BLAKER has a metaphysical turn of mind, and what the average novelist would have made into an adventure story becomes in his hands an exploration of some of the inner recesses of human nature. In the year 1600 an English seaman named Will Addams, with some Dutch shipmates, was cast ashore in Japan; he attracted the attention of the Shogun Ieyasu, became his agent in dealing with Europeans, and eventually received from him the two swords of a Samurai. So much, apparently, may be found in the records of the East India Company; Mr. Blaker, limited in his plot by the data, has to give most of his attention to the motivation of behavior not always easily explicable. He has done an admirable job, and done even better with his background.

For he succeeds in the primary business of the novelist (precisely the point where the average novelist fails), the creation of a fictive world whose illusion is never shattered. Whether this is really early-seventeenth-century Japan only the historians can say; the reader of the novel can be content with a world which as he reads seems more real than reality. The life of the time, the spirit of the Samurai, are so completely realized that toward the end of the book it is the English and Dutch characters whom the reader finds strange, inconsistent, out of harmony with their surroundings; the Japanese, on the contrary, seem familiar friends.

As for Addams himself, he must have had some rare qualities to rouse the interest of so unusual a man as Ieyasu; Mr. Blaker makes that interest plausible, and he gives Addams in addition a consuming passion which eventually all but ruined him—a conviction that Japan was the gateway to the Northwest Passage and that a skilled captain could find it if he only had the proper ship. But of all the Japanese only the old Admiral Shongo could understand that feeling; disappointed in his hope of help from Ieyasu, Addams counted on the East India Company to send him a ship, and that ship never came. The waiting immobilized all Addams's volition; when he might have risen high in Ieyasu's service he refused because he wanted to help the English merchants newly arrived in Japan, when the English would have taken him home in high honor he refused because sentiment and loyalty alike held him in the East.

Mr. Blaker has deliberately tossed away most of the opportunities his theme offered for an obvious popularity; there are few scenes of action and the woman interest is slight. But he has done something far more difficult, and to the reflective minority of readers far more delectable, in the depiction of the gradual decline and decay of a man apparently intended for high things; in his recreation of an alien world which presently seems the reader's own; and in his portrayal of the gradual change of that world with the passing of time, and the bewildered depression of old men who see all things growing worse around them. This is a book aimed at a selected few, and it will be a misfortune if those for whom it was meant should miss it.

Halleylooya

INCHIN' ALONG. By WELBOURN KELLEY. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN Dink Britt, black man moving in submission to the facts of his hard black and white world toward independence on the black Alabama land, Welbourn Kelley has drawn in his first novel, "Inchin' Along," as true a character and as moving a human being as has come out of all the vast new literature of the South. Telling a bitter story without intruding bitterness, Mr. Kelley has written a mature book, rich in understanding and rich, too, in its sense of growing like Dink and Dink's cotton out of the earth.

Unlike such excellent portraits in color as "Porgy" and "Scarlet Sister Mary," Dink Britt is not a living character because he is a vivid, picturesque individual but as one of a race, as one of those everywhere who dig for life out of the earth. He is the cotton field Nigger, a being as familiar on Southern farms as his cotton field mule. Only this Britt is moved in his deep, river-country ignorance by a gentle shrewdness and a love and knowledge of the land. His aspiration for security brings him into dramatic, but only occasionally melodramatic, conflict with both the white man and the earth. In the earth the boll weevil threatens and in the white man's world is injustice and swift fatal anger. In Britt's life, indistinguishable, they are the hands of fate.

Dink Britt's story is the very simple one of an industrious Negro who sees the inability of the black tenant to escape from the debt slavery of the white landlord who keeps the books. By work at wages he buys his little land and builds his house. Untroubled by a white man's romantic notions he finds himself a woman for wife, a girl, unlike Britt, part white. They set out to conquer the world of their black land. They move as steadily as Britt's deep-plowed furrows, "inchin' along" to independence in spite of the white man's lechery and the white man's complacent cheating. They succeed at last, but in their success Mr. Kelley intrudes, and properly in any story of the land, a quantity of luck. Accidents both good and bad, shape their lives. Only by good luck Britt escapes lynching, and only by accident the submerged acres which the white men sold him as a joke became rich land.

Mr. Kelley gives Britt luck, too, in the years which he as author chose for the years of his story, the years preceding and culminating in the high priced cotton years of the war. Any thoughtful Southerner must look beyond Britt's "Halleylooya" as the book ends to the lean farm years in the South which followed the fat years of the war. Mr. Kelley stops his story at a moment of triumph, close on the heels of a night of tragedy. But so truly has he shaped Britt and Britt's world that the story must go on with the South's story.

Mr. Kelley writes with a fine understanding of both rural Southern economics and rural Southern emotions. He sees and writes clearly, but in full artistic wisdom he has not written bitterly. The white men he portrays are as much caught in an ugly system of life as are the Negroes. Behind the white injustice he also shows a white honor. There is vile injustice and vile cruelty, greater in the lower class whites than in the old master class. With these latter the attitude toward the Negroes is that of ownership, the right to use the Negro at will, a contempt for his struggles, but also a lordly kindness.

Mr. Kelley writes with a fine simplicity. Only rarely are there little flaws in the sureness of his style and story. He has made his story cruel and hard but also one full of color and beauty and tenderness. Not anywhere in its pages does sensationalism mar it, nor preaching, nor sentimentality. At the end he comes perilously close to the conventional melodramatic ending of the conventional Negro novel, but miraculously he escapes it. His story does not end in the old tragedy of the lynching. Beyond that is a note of triumph and justice. Mr. Kelley has created a world which lives and moves. It moves on alive after the book ends. And somewhere inevitably beyond, unstressed, Dink Britt's tragedy lies.

"Inchin' Along" is a work of great promise, in truth a work of fulfilment. It is a rare and thrilling experience to come upon a first novel by a young man who combines so splendidly craftsmanship and understanding and the fine, passionate detachment of the true artist.

HELLO DON!

In welcoming DON MARQUIS as a regular contributor to *The Saturday Review* we are indebted to the New York *Herald-Tribune* for kind permission to reprint the above cartoon by "DING" which appeared in the *Tribune* on September 12, 1922.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

SIR WALTER SCOTT. By JOHN BUCHAN. *Coward-McCann.*
A vivid and discriminating study of the "Wizard of the North."

THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited by ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Viking.*
A correspondence of exceeding interest.

SONS. By PEARL S. BUCK. *Day.*
A volume in the spirit of and linked with, though independent of, "The Good Earth."

This Less Recent Book:

BROOME STAGES. By CLEMENCE DANE. *Doubleday, Doran.*
The story of several generations of an English theatrical family.

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The Bowling Green

Human Being

XXXIV. ELECTRONS (*Continued*)

SHE found it difficult to keep her voice just on the casual note she wanted.

"I think I can make it worth your while to leave Richard alone," she said. "I'll have to figure what I can do. But I'll do one thing right away; buy Bertie's latch-key back from you."

"I call that unfriendly, just when we're getting on so nicely. I see it all: you just don't trust yourself with me around."

"I've got a kid living with me. She's different from me, she's romantic about actors."

"Fifty dollars will take me right back to Times Square, with a lovely memory."

"Make it twenty-five and forget the memory. I don't run a bank here."

"What's the matter with a check?"

"I never learned how to write my name."

"Darling, you're hard. All right, twenty-five and throw in another drink."

She handed him the money and took the key.

"I don't like this way of doing things," he said. "It seems a bit crude."

"Funny, we both had the same idea."

"I always knew you were smart, but honest I hadn't realized you were beautiful. I do hate to give up that bathroom."

"You're a great kidder."

"Now listen, honey, don't take it that way. What I'm getting at, if you ever have any time on your hands, well, why not keep it in the family, see?"

"Don't try to carry a woman right off her feet. Give me a chance to think about things."

"O.K., sister.—I'll get my hat and bag."

She leaned against the jamb while he went to the other apartment. Oh God, she asked, have I handled this right? To fortify and cherish Richard—to safeguard his peace—to be sure he was not harassed, tormented— She heard the gush of plumbing in the bathroom and felt a sickness of disgust.

She went to the head of the stairs to see him leave.

"You've got this straight, have you?" she said. "This is between ourselves."

"Sure enough; we made a good start anyway. Want to seal the contract?"

"Wait till we get the terms worked out." As he went down the stair she leaned over the rail and spoke close to his ear. "If a word of this ever gets to Richard, I'll kill you."

Shad halted and almost dropped his suitcase. He has not forgotten the picture in the dim hallway: her dark hair fluffed out from the shampoo, her dark eyes blazing.

Some dame, he repeated.

Minnie shut the door of her apartment gently. For a moment she thought she was going to be ill.

XXXV. ORGANIZATION

Life, which had for some time seemed reassuringly stable, swung in dismaying uncertainty, but Minnie kept her head. She did not underrate Shad's power to cause nuisance for Richard, even tragedy; she admitted to herself that Richard was easy to hurt. He was too yielding, pliable —but perhaps that was why she loved him. A world peopled only by the strong, rigorous, discreet, would not have been to Minnie's taste.

She had no intention of surrendering to Shad's blackmail without a struggle. Like many women whom the dogmatic moralist appraises uncertain in virtue, her personal scruples were delicate and clear. Her virtue was more consistent, perhaps more certain, than that of many circumspect sisters who would have buzzed her frailty. The gift of her favors (the words here are difficult to choose without clumsiness or hypocrisy) was a prerogative, not a perquisite. It was truly a gift; to be granted at her own pleasure, not by rule or rote; she was willing to assume the consequences. She had brooded without dismay on the paradoxes of ethics. Hubbard, after winning her confidence, was often obliged to retrace their conversations anxiously, picking up broken fragments of taboo. In gay moments she was the delightful heretic known as a traitor to her sex—a form of treason that apparently does not exist among males. In her talk Hubbard had glimpses of the forbidden country of what women really think about things. It alarmed him. In that rich jungle, Matto Grosso of the heart, colored birds cry harshly, strange faces peer.

After the first shock of distaste Minnie did not take seriously Shad's personal advances; she reckoned them a by-product of whiskey and Sunday afternoon. But she was able to consider them coolly as a possible solution. The thought was unpleasing, but she was equal to any sacrifice, any humiliation, to shield Richard. She did not idealize or overvalue the reciprocities of flesh, but she was not in the least casual about them. This particular concession did not look to her like successful strategy. She decided, though uneasily, to wait for Shad's next move.

Those days in the office she watched over Richard with special charity. She knew, with the pitying wisdom that only a woman of deep experience can have, that his pride and happiness were utterly bound up in his home; that his relations with herself even increased his real tenderness for Lucille. While he dictated, leaning back in his chair to grope for the word, she scanned his face warily. He seem unscathed. She was alert to examine his mail, to identify all telephone calls, in hope to avert any malicious accident. With this anxiety hanging over her senses were sharpened to recognize the familiar minutiæ of the place. They were doubly endeared because she was more aware of the secret bacteria of chance that circulate in the bloodstream of time. Ed Furness's solemn good humor, Lou Kaskel's ogling smirk, Mr. Gall's pink-white eyelashes, even the filing cases and radiators and life insurance calendars, impressed her anew with their strong human reality. She saw a neatly typed little card on Jenny's desk, laid there by the office boy—who took the switchboard while the girls were at lunch. *Please call Viaduct so and so and ask for "you know."* Even in the world of 9 to 5, stony limits cannot hold Love out; or ferro-concrete construction, Romeo would have said later. All he needs is a rubber mouthpiece and a copper thread. Did you ever try to find an empty phone booth about lunch time? Grizzled men and large contracts have suffered demurrage while Junior and Jocunda go through their litany and steam gathers on the glass door.

There was a note in her mail-box at the apartment, written from Shad's hotel in the Forties. *Sure am surprised to hear nothing from you. Shall I call again, or see our friend? Better keep the bathroom door locked, Val's tour has folded.*

While Peggy chirped innocently at her task of preparing supper, Minnie took a drink and considered this letter. Should she temporize with Shad further? Should she offer to pay him something every week out of her salary? Her personal expenses were small; she had been putting part of her money back into the business. She could afford to give Shad even as much as $20 a week to keep him from worrying Richard. Would that be enough? She doubted it. Hush-money never pays in the end. But was there any way to get this hybrid (not the word in her mind) by the short hairs?

"You seem to have something on your mind," said Peggy. "What is it, a love letter? Better have it analyzed."

Peggy had been greatly impressed by the campaign recently started by Mr. Balaban, their new advertising man. Samples of handwriting, if sent in with a coupon from the advertisement and the name of the local stationer, were analyzed free by a specialist in graphology. This was intended to suggest how much one's handwriting was improved by using a Roe pen. Peggy herself had submitted specimens of autograph from various young men, and said that the professor's insight into their characters was remarkable. The response to this advertising was enormous; so much so that they had hired a room down the hall for the expert to work in. There he sat all day over piles of letters, depressed by the fact that those whose writing and spelling were least commendable seemed to be most anxious to learn their latent qualities.

Well, it might be worth trying. Minnie was shrewd enough to know that handwriting betrays many secrets. But another thought was also in her mind. She evaded Peggy's quesitons, and managed that same evening to send off an ambiguous note to Shad, enclosing some money, which would stall him for a few days. Out on this errand, she telephoned Shad at his hotel. By some oddity of chance, he was in his room. She heard his voice reply, and replaced the receiver without speaking herself. Then she got Jenny on the phone.

MADISON SQUARE FROM THE ROE OFFICES.

"You're taking a holiday," she said. "Don't come to the office tomorrow; don't come at all till I tell you. I'll get a girl in to handle the board a few days."

Jenny protested she didn't want a holiday.

"Listen, darling," Minnie said, "you've got us into a kind of a jam, and you're the only one can get us out. I'll give you all the dope when I see you. Meanwhile, I want you to work fast. Call up Shad Roe at this number; he's there now, I just heard his voice. Tell him you've been heart-broken because you haven't seen him; and tell him you've been fired; yes, tell him I fired you. You're sore, see, and lonely, and you want a good time. Take that guy for a ride. Go the limit if you have to, but get something on him, I don't care what."

"I don't know what it's all about," said Jenny, "but O. K. You told me yourself to lay off that baby. I'll call him this minute and make a date for tomorrow."

"Meet me at the fountain in Madison Square at noon. I'll give you the inside stuff. You can sleep late in the morning; and fix up that silver dress. You've got to look lovely."

Jenny wept a little when they met; it was hard to be kept out of the office, which she loved. But her loyalty to Minnie, and to Richard, were complete. It was only right, she agreed, that she should undertake this embassy. When two like Minnie and Jenny put their heads together the opposite number needs all his guile.

"Here's this week's pay envelope, for your vacation," said Minnie. "I showed Grapho the Monk" (so the office called the eminent graphologist) "some of Shad's handwriting. He says the man's a crook; the way he makes his d's is a straight giveaway. He doesn't dot his i's right either, and his f's and s's are weak. A man who writes like that has done something rotten somewhere. Get the goods on him no matter how."

"No matter how," repeated Jenny submissively.

"Take the line that you're sour on the whole Roe outfit. They've fired you; maybe you're looking for a stage job. And here; this'll help him to talk."

Minnie passed her a package tied with bright red ribbon like a Christmas present. Jenny tilted it a little, listening.

"Scotch," said Minnie.

"Oh dear, I wish it was rye. Still, I suppose us tramps mustn't be choosy."

Minnie gave her a hug. "On your way, woman. You blessed little bum, I love you."

Jenny looked upward and pretended to spy something far above.

"What is that, way up there?" she said. "Is that the gutter?"

Like the Aztec nymph, arrayed in loveliness for ritual sacrifice, Jennie was driven by taxi to Times Square that evening. And after all, she said to herself mischievously—

Yes; vulgar, tragic, indefensible, grieves Hubbard. And by heaven, I think they're marvellous. What soldiers! Well might they think of themselves as an "organization."

(*To be continued*)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Real Menace

PROHIBITING MINDS AND THE PRESENT SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC CRISIS. By STEWART PATON, M.D. New York: Paul Hoeber. 1932.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

TO an inveterate psychologist, the strongest manifestation in the entire prohibition movement is the indifference of the public mind to the psychopathic menace of that measure. Speakeasies and rum-runners and affluent bootleggers and the protection-graft speak so raucously that the still, small voice of psychology is drowned in the hubbub. The most reflective realize what all this is doing to our behavior morale; we fail to realize that the false solution is encouraging disordered thinking. The prohibiting mind is a psychopathic menace. Unless the right-minded brother is the keeper, the wrong-minded one will prevail.

That is Doctor Paton's thesis. When prohibition is analyzed in the psychological clinic, it proves to be variously psychopathic. In the extreme, it is paranoid fanaticism; more mildly, it is wish thinking, fast and furious, which trait appears pointedly in Christian Science, another characteristic American product. Aggressively the itch to prohibit becomes the urge to control the behavior of others, the sectarian devotion to a perfectionist scheme, continuing a repressive blue-law tradition. Much of this is compensatory device to cover personal failure in controlling instincts and emotions. "These people hitch their wagons to the stars in order to avoid the necessity of taking out a driver's license entitling them to steer their own machines."

Dr. Paton's favorite triumvirate of virtues is peace, temperance, and sanity; they are the psychiatric substitute for political liberty, equality, fraternity. The demoralizing effect of the Eighteenth Amendment is "the repudiation of faith in the desires of the majority of Americans to lead temperate lives." It all strengthens irrationalism, intolerance, falsification of issues, increases phobic tendencies, weakens constructive efforts, throws regulation out of focus, lowers the standards of intelligent morale. What the average citizen must learn as part of his mental hygiene is the limitations of prohibition. Sanity is too precious an asset to be jeopardized by vote-getting.

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ROYAL FLUSH

Margaret Irwin's Brilliant Novel of Stuart England and Bourbon France

A book that is in the great tradition of good books. As a youngster you'd have swallowed it whole for its story. As an adult you'll read straight through to the end in a blaze of excitement over its story *and* its artistry. And you'll never forget it.

HARRY EMERSON WILDES
of the Philadelphia Ledger says:

"Few books are compulsory reading, but *Royal Flush* comes under that mandatory heading. I should like to urge you to rush right out and get it. *Royal Flush* makes Charles Stuart and all his courtiers come alive, and makes the French Sun King and all his glamorous court as real to you as your own family. And the cardboard shadows of the flicker screen mean less to you than Minette, daughter of the murdered Charles I. There is no reality in current prose as convincingly true as this book that Margaret Irwin has produced.

Is it a novel? That's hard to say. *Royal Flush* has no fictional characters. Every one is all too real. Perhaps the words they use, the things they say, are manufactured, but they've been imagined with a historian's fidelity to fact. The acts they undertake are true to fact and true to character. One clever reviewer says these characters are alive; if you cut them, they will bleed; if you hurt them they will weep; and they will laugh for you if you play a lively tune. Such living, breathing, marvelously vibrant personalities as Margaret Irwin gives us are seldom found in fiction. But neither is the story mere history. Every fact and every individual is based on history, but Margaret Irwin has invented new situations, imagined new conversations. *Royal Flush* is sublimated history, potent history that goes straight to the head and intoxicates the reader with a magic, mysterious ichor of the gods. So beautifully has Margaret Irwin prepared this *Royal Flush* that the fine artistry of her writing almost escapes attention, but its effect is inescapable. Her flashing pen forms words that sing. . . . *Royal Flush* is by all odds the finest novel we have of the Stuarts and Bourbons—a triumph of artistry."

From England

J. B. Priestley: "A magnificent specimen. I do not see how it could be better done."

Manchester Guardian: "Even Strachey's *Queen Victoria* is no better book than this."

London Observer: "Fiction of the best and richest sort."

Everyman: "These are pages of great beauty. The scenes quiver with reality."

From America

N. Y. Herald Tribune: "It will give you back your youth, when you hung breathless over your book and really cared what happened to the characters."

Virginia Quarterly Review: "An enthralling story."

N. Y. Times: "Her characters emerge real, human, and individual."

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THE INVASION *A Narrative of Events Concerning the Johnston Family of St. Mary's*

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SAD INDIAN *A Novel about Mexico*

By Thames Williamson. The real Mexico is back in this story of Juan, a full-blooded Indian. The Book of the Month Club recommends it with: "This book is a *tour de force*. Its interest never drops. Williamson has caught in his striking narrative a dramatic explanation of what is still to be seen in the unspoiled Indian's face." $2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
383 Madison Avenue . . . . New York

Contrasting Careers

A Great Jurist

STEPHEN J. FIELD, CRAFTSMAN OF THE LAW. By CARL B. SWISHER. Washington, D. C.: The Brookings Institution. $4.

Reviewed by EMORY H. NILES

IT has been said that nothing is more ephemeral than the fame of a great lawyer; and that saying is almost as true in regard to a great judge. A judge, even of the Supreme Court of the United States, works in an atmosphere too far removed from the public gaze, and the materials with which and upon which he works so rarely appeal to the consciousness of the great mass of the people, that there is little to excite popular enthusiasm or to create a legend outside the membership of the bar. But it is the judges, especially of the Supreme Court, who by unspectacular and solid labor have welded together into a firm and stable structure the law under which we live, and, except in details, which is dependable, certain, and adapted to the needs of our society.

One of the great judges of the Supreme Court was Stephen J. Field, and in his book "Stephen J. Field, Craftsman of the Law," Dr. Carl B. Swisher has attempted to rescue from the usual oblivion the memory of a man who was a powerful influence in the Court from the Civil War until almost the beginning of the present century. In this attempt Dr. Swisher has been more than successful. He has drawn a picture that breathes with the spirit and the fire and the strength of the man himself, which describes the social background and the political struggles which produced both the man and his judicial decisions. The book is not as elaborate as Beveridge's Marshall, but it does for Field what Beveridge did for Marshall—describes the man and explains his judicial career not in the terms of dry legal doctrine, but in the terms of personal history, social background, political struggles, and national needs.

Field, the son of a New England minister, went as a young man to California just after the '49 gold rush; instead of mining gold he became a lawyer and a judge. He was no "softy" and the roughness of frontier life developed in him a force and a rigidity which were characteristic of him throughout his life. At the age of forty-one he became a judge of the Supreme Court of California, and immediately gained prominence and reputation in cases over titles, mining, Chinese immigration, and other problems of immediate local concern. In 1863, in the midst of the Civil War, at the age of forty-seven, he was appointed by President Lincoln to fill a newly created seat in the Supreme Court of the United States, a place which he held for more than thirty-four years, a longer service than that of any other member of the Court except Mr. Justice Holmes.

In the period of Reconstruction, Field was a liberal. He was definitely with those who maintained the rights of the citizen against the military, and those who desired to mitigate the punishment of ex-Confederates in the matter of disqualification from civil rights.

In the currency problems which followed the war, Field was a sound money man; in the problems arising out of Chinese immigration and restriction, he protected the otherwise defenceless Chinese in California; when the railroads through growing power became in the minds of many a public menace, Field upheld the rights of property and the sacredness of contract against the assaults of the ignorant and fanatical masses. Nor did he stay cloistered within the Supreme Court, wholly aloof from politics; in two presidential campaigns, 1880 and 1884, he was an active candidate for the Democratic nomination.

The most picturesque incident of Field's life and one in which his personal courage was put to the test, was the "Terry Tragedy." Terry, formerly a colleague of Field on the California Bench, had become bitterly hostile on account of litigation affecting Terry's wife, and Terry had threatened Field's life. Field's friends, knowing that trouble was probable, urged him not to go on circuit to California for the year 1889. Field's reply was characteristic:

> I cannot and will not allow threats of personal violence to deter me from the regular performance of my judicial duties at the times and places fixed by law. As a judge of the highest court in the country, I should be ashamed to look any man in the face if I allowed a ruffian, by threats against my person, to keep me from holding the regular courts in my circuit.

He went; he was assaulted by Terry; and Terry was killed by a special deputy marshal assigned to guard Field.

In his later years Field was the great defender of property. To us of the post-war era, with our problems of sociology, our doubts about all that was once held fundamental and sacred, it is strange to know that any man could write as Field did in the Sinking Fund cases—that "the moment the idea is admitted into society that property is not as sacred as the laws of God, and that there is not a force of law and public justice to protect it, anarchy and tyranny commence."

Yet it was men of such beliefs and the strength to assert and maintain them who built up the structure upon which we live, which nourishes us, and which allows us to doubt or scoff. Their doctrines may not meet modern needs, but their spirit and courage are needed now as then.

Dr. Swisher's book recreates a great man of the past century and relates his life in a spirit that not only brings back the man as a man, but explains the forces and struggles which made him and which were influenced by him.

An Animated Cartoon

I HAVE NO REGRETS. By LIEUTENANT BRINGOLF. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE author of this distressing autobiography seems a sort of embodiment of all those lingering feudal rottenesses that were burned up, in a good many cases, by the fires of the war and the revolutions that followed it. He suggests an animated cartoon—drawn by a Soviet satirist—attacking old Europe and its "bourgeois" selfishness and shallowness.

There is such a thing, at least in the theatre or in novels, as a "fascinating rogue." But on the stage or in books, most of the fascination is put there by the ingenious author, who likewise arranges his hero's less engaging qualities in their most favorable light. Or the rogue may be made the basis, in the hands of an understanding observer, of some sort of significant commentary on heredity or environment. But when the whole job is left to the scalawag himself, and the latter has neither literary skill nor anything admirable or attractive, the result may be, and in this case is, dire indeed.

Bringolf began in the Swiss diplomatic service but was eventually dishonorably discharged. He had meanwhile swindled all sorts of hotels and tradesmen and manœuvered, without success, to catch a rich wife. A big and rather imposing type, physically:

> It was at Heidelberg that the coquetry of the *gigolo* came to me. . . . Anywhere there was the smallest room for a diamond or a turquoise, there I wore it. Adorned with six or eight rings, with a pin flashing in my tie, with sapphire waistcoat buttons and cuff-links like the ear-rings of a *cocotte*—so I flaunted it for years, without anybody ever murmuring in my ear: "Look here, you mannikin, get rid of that prostitute's ironmongery, or I'll chuck you out of the door!"

Bringolf zigzagged through South America and the United States, just a jump ahead of the sheriff most of the time, and sometimes not that. He served time in various prisons and jails. After deadbeating and adventuring it here and there for many years, the war brought him back a certain respectability. He served in the Foreign Legion, on various fronts, and in divers capacities on the Franco-German border in the queer half-piratical years just after the peace. But the decoration of the Legion of Honor which was finally given him in 1928 for services at the front during hostilities proved his undoing. The radical press, digging up some of his past record, used him as a stalking-horse to attack the Government—"how the Legion of Honor is conferred under the Poincaré régime," and so on. He lost his job.

The author asks in his final sentence that the "reader forget me and let the name of Bringolf return to oblivion." It would have been better had he himself left it there.

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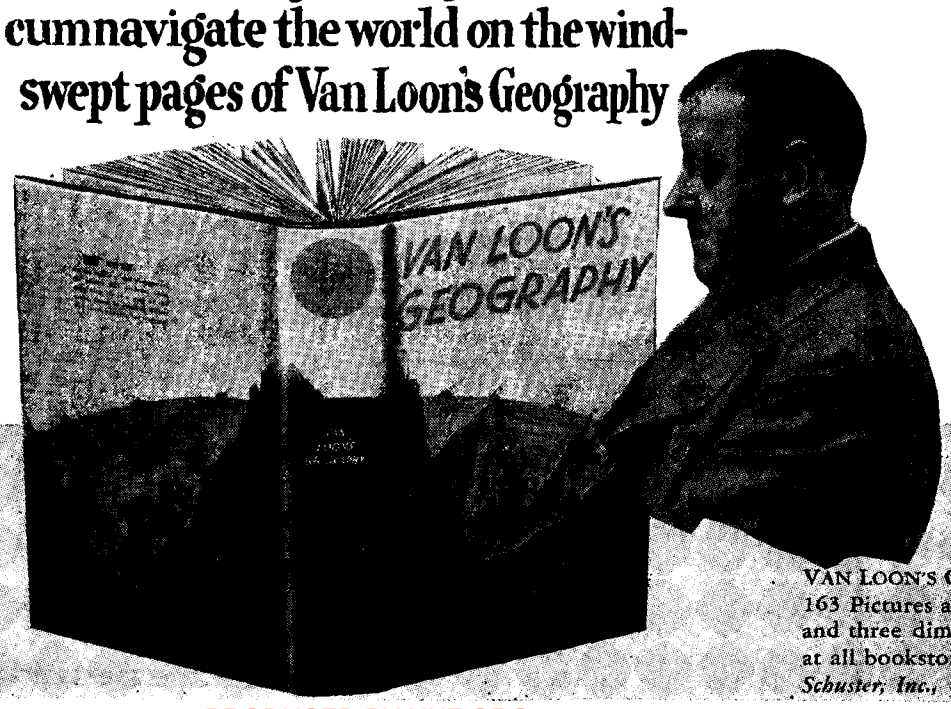
Today I explore the world with Hendrik Willem Van Loon The Universe becomes my back yard, and in the hollow of my hand I hold this whirling bit of rock lost somewhere in the darkest outskirts of an indifferent cosmos The geography I longed for as a child now comes to life....not a stubborn text-book with boundaries and statistics, but the living story of our planet, its habits and its manners Here is a geography in which man is the hero... Drawn only as Van Loon can draw, written only as Van Loon can write, this geography becomes an epic of Mother Earth. In his hands geography becomes literature. Only a historian is qualified to write a geography that is gay and tragic and exciting. And this historian and artist from the shores of Holland is the man of destiny to take the earth apart and disclose its very heart beat Through the magic of his maps and illustrations I see geography in action. As Van Loon takes me from continent to continent I actually live geography, with something akin to the wonder that was Marco Polo's In those far flung pages I meet travellers from antique lands, hear the surge and thunder of the Odyssey and share the wild surmise of brave wayfarers, silent upon a peak in Darien... For the first time I can understand the mysteries of the tides those strips of water several hundred miles wide everlastingly enchanted by the moonlight; the calculations of longitude and latitude; the folkways of all nations; the rise and fall of empires. Today's headlines, tomorrow's histories assume fresh significance as those words and pictures decipher for me the riddle of the world's behavior. No longer need I grope and stumble in my path across this dark little object in space. For the Story of Mankind now has its long awaited sequel; and tonight I breathe the large air again and circumnavigate the world on the wind-swept pages of Van Loon's Geography

VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY is the September choice of *The Book-of-the-Month Club* and also of the *Scientific Book Club*, whose Jury of Selection consists of:

Professor Kirtley F. Mather—Harvard Univ
Prof. Arthur H. Compton—Univ. of Chicago.
Prof. Edwin G. Conklin—Princeton University
Prof. Harlan T. Stetson—Ohio Wesleyan Univ
Prof. Edward L. Thorndike—Columbia Univ.

"HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON in his new geography lifts up our limping imagination into a full cosmic outlook. He is historian by the grace of God and the University of Munich, and teacher by the grace of his unexampled genius for it... His is an epic story of Mother Earth. The rare blend of artistic imagination and scientific exactitude makes this an uncommon book."

—*Book of the Month Club News*



VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY contains 544 Pages and 163 Pictures and Maps, resplendent in four colors and three dimensions. It is now on sale for $3.75 at all bookstores and is published by *Simon and Schuster, Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.*

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DODD, MEAD
Books to Read

WHISTLING in the DARK
By
HELEN K. CARPENTER
A novel based on the stage play by Laurence Gross and Edward Childs Carpenter which enjoyed the longest and most successful run on Broadway of any mystery play produced last spring. The story deals with a popular detective story writer who is kidnapped by gangsters. $2.00

THE CHERRY TREE
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Foreign Literature

A Hauptmann Play

VOR SONNENUNTERGANG. By GERHART HAUPTMANN. Berlin. S. Fischer. 1932.

Reviewed by A .W. G. RANDALL

THE veteran German dramatist has lately written this play of old age, which Max Reinhard has succsesfully produced in Berlin. Its title recalls the play which, forty-three years ago the young Hauptmann flung at the German public; it caused a great scandal, but it was eventually recognized as marking the beginning of the naturalistic style in German drama. Then it was "Before Sunrise," and it described, with great realism, the life of the Silesian miners and the degradation consequent on the development of the coal industry in the province which Hauptmann knew so well. It was a rather crude, immature play, but its realism and the defiant social gospel it proclaimed made a great star. Today it would seem tame and even, in its characterization, rather unreal. Both Hauptmann and public opinion have moved very far since that date.

There are few links which it is possible to establish between that first play and this last drama. In "Vor Sonnenaufgang" the characterization was subordinated to the rendering of the milieu; the earnest young Social Democrat that Hauptmann was then tended to use the drama as a means to an end. He has not deserted his political principles; indeed, after the German Revolution he was, on the occasion of his jubilee, greeted as Germany's foremost writer by Fritz Ebert, then Social Democratic President of the First German Republic. But his art has made great progress, above all in the variety and reality of his characterization, of which "Vor Sonnenuntergang" is far from being the least remarkable example in the long series of Hauptmann's dramas.

"Before Sunset," it has been suggested, might be regarded as Hauptmann's contribution to the Goethe centenary celebration of this year. There are quotations from the poet to support this view, and the opening of the play might conceivably have taken hints from the love story of the end of Goethe's life, when, an old man, he fell in love with Ulrike von Levetzkow. Hauptmann's chief character is the old Geheimrat Matthias Clausen, and when the play opens he is surrounded by his friends and sons and daughters, to whom he is giving a party in honor of his birthday, and on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of the city. The children are admirably differentiated. There is the devoted, rather sentimental Bettina, who has proved his greatest consolation since the death of his wife some years before; there is the younger Ottilie, pretty but of colorless character, entirely dominated by her masterful husband, Erich Klamroth, who directs the old man's successful enterprises; there is the boy Egmont, type of post-war German young man, and there is the dry and rather pompous Professor Wolfgang Clausen, with his envious wife Paula.

It soon appears that all these people—except the boy Egmont, who has a sensible and tolerant view of his father—are intensely perturbed by the attachment which the old man has formed for the pretty blonde Inken Peters, niece of the family gardener. Her father had, it was rumored, committed suicide in prison some years before, and she had been taken under Matthias's protection ever since. From obvious motives of self-interest the family make every effort to put her at a safe distance, but they fail. The girl is genuinely in love with the old Geheimrat; his pathetic dependence on her, his hunger for her love and support make a deep appeal to her nature. Every other method failing, the family make an application to the courts to have the old man *entmündigt*, declared incapable of administering his affairs. Until then he had been, on the whole, normal, in full possession of mental and physical vigor. When this attack comes to his knowledge, however, it completely destroys his mental equilibrium; only Inken stands between him and insanity. The transition is rather abrupt, and it is difficult to grasp the legal justification for all this part of the play. But when the old man is really deranged, then the action proceeds with great vigor and convincing force. Indeed, the hint, which the dramatist himself inserts, that Matthias is a modern King Lear is not fantastic, so intense is the rendering of the horror and pity of his position.

Realizing the full effect of what they had done, some of the family want to retract. But it is too late. One evening old Matthias escapes from Inken and makes his way to the cottage where, a year before, he had fallen in love with her. There he poisons himself; his ill-fated and untimely love is brought to its tragic end before Inken can save him. There is little falling-off in the vigor and skill of the dramatist who penned these scenes.

Germany in Recent Years

THOUGHTS ON GERMANY. By RICHARD VON KUEHLMANN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by HELEN HILL

RICHARD VON KUEHLMANN was German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs during the last year of the war. Before 1914 he was attached to the Embassy in London; in 1918 he was the negotiator of the treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk; his experience of Europe thus runs from the Atlantic coast through Berlin to the Asiatic border; his thoughts on Germany command a corresponding respect. They make a rather widely scattered collection, touching upon points all the way from the unification of Germany to the present Goethe centennial. Some of them are presented in essay form, others as dialogues between statesmen from opposite sides of the Rhine, the Channel, or the Atlantic. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those covering the policies and events of the years just before the war, and the reprint of Dr. Kuehlmann's article in *Foreign Affairs* on Permanent Foundations of German Foreign Policy with which the book closes.

To take two examples from the former: Dr. Kuehlmann puts recurrent emphasis on the decadence of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy as the basic cause of the war. The principle of nationality, which bore positive fruit in the mid-nineteenth century unification of the states on either side of Austria, was at work in central Europe with an energy no less active for being only destructive in its results. The resultant sapping of support away from the Empire into its national constituents converted the jurisdiction of the Hapsburgs into a vacuum, where the pressure of external forces was certain to be felt. Dr. Kuehlmann's views on the pre-war German fleet are equally interesting. He regards the creation of the fleet as a cardinal error in pre-war tactics. The naval group, under the leadership of von Tirpitz, and under the inspiration of the American Admiral Mahan's eulogies of the big battleship which were translated into German by the Kaiser's command, made the building of a fleet an end in itself rather than an instrument of national policy. It was never related to the requirements of German foreign affairs as seen in the Foreign Office; the military and naval advisers who travelled with the Kaiser on his continual journeys had a direct access to his ear not enjoyed by the more sedentary Berlin officials, and no constitutional provision existed by which they were forced to integrate their programs with those of the permanent secretariat. Germany needed no larger fleet than could be used in the North Sea and the Baltic; to go further was to challenge England with a view to annihilating her, and from the point of *view of the Foreign Office such an aim* was incredible. In the absence of the irritation caused by the growing German fleet, English friendship could probably have been held. His later comments on the solution, under the German Republic, of the constitutional problem here involved have point not only in respect to pre-war Germany but also to contemporary Japan.

"A good author," says Osbert Burdett, "is one who puts the best of himself into his work, a specialist in the art of communicating his imagination to his readers by means of the written word. Never forget that an author is not necessarily one who sees further or probes deeper than his fellows. He may not do this and may yet have deserved and have won an international reputation. His gift is to have words for every thought in his mind, for every emotion in his range, for every experience in his memory. There is only one thing that he must never be: never tongue-tied, never at a loss for the apt word, never unable to convey by a phrase the matter that occupies him."

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The Nation.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

A COUNT IN THE FO'C'SLE. By COUNT JEAN LOUIS D'ESQUE ("Chips"). Brentano's. 1932. $2.75.

Dr. Traprock will have to look closely into this book if he is to maintain the credit of his "Cruise of the Kawa," "My Northern Exposure," and "Salt Water Taffy." The volume purports to be the life story of Baron . . . no, pardon, . . . Count . . . d'Esque, a ship's carpenter, in thirty-five years of sea service; but not even the wildest dreams of the redoubtable Captain Ezra Triplett can transcend the doings of the gallant Baron who has written of his derring deeds in "A Count in the Fo'c'sle." In his Foreword, "Chips" explains that his reason for writing the book is that he "got fed up with the bunk written by one-tripping lubbers who choose an obsolete wind-jamming Horner as a peg on which to hang damnation of the sea and all that on it sailed." And then he goes on to give us the standard mixture—real "he-men," blood, and knockings - out on every page, dusky island princesses, piracy, riot, and mutiny—exactly as many of us have often seen the incidents from some quiet corner of a Movie Palace. But he has at least one claim to distinction. He has introduced a new note into the familiar pitiful chorus. Apparently with the approval, and indeed the guarantee of the publishers (for they have stressed the matter in their advertisement of the author), he helps himself to a literary godfather from among the Shades. On pages 87-88, he maintains that he sailed with Joseph Conrad in the *Torrens* (he spells it *Torence*) and asserts that Conrad advised him to give up the sea and devote himself to literature and the arts! Apart altogether from the utter impossibility of Conrad ever having approved such puerile writing as that displayed in the book, there is a matter of date. The book is prefaced by a facsimile of the author's discharge note from the M. V. *Defiance* in 1929, his age being certified in that document as 44. Conrad was Mate of the *Torrens* in 1892. To be ship's carpenter of a crack Australian clipper at the age of seven years is surely something of a record!

But now we have a disquieting afterthought. Perhaps Dr. Traprock *did* write this book? It has some earmarks. But no . . . no. All the constructive talent of Dr. Traprock, the genius of a Triplett, the conclusions of a Hermann Schenck, could not have produced a passage like that on page 67 of the book under consideration.

> I floated on my back and managed to lash the child to my stomach with strips torn from her flimsy dress. . . . I was wondering how long it would be before we should be sucked down or before the sharks would find us when she started whimpering.
>
> "Where's mumsie?"
>
> There was only the sea. My ears throbbed from the constant wash of water.
>
> "Is we going to heaven?"

Fiction

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL. By HILAIRE BELLOC. With Thirty Drawings by G. K. Chesterton. Lippincott. 1932. $2.

It is all very well for those neo-Crusaders, Belloc and Chesterton, to *desipere in loco*, but the fruit of their desipience is not necessarily worth two dollars to anybody else. Mr. Belloc writes of the doings of British statesmen in Mrs. Boulger's second administration (*circa* 1960) and satirizes the growing tendency of British statesmen to mix public with private business and consider the effect of their official acts on the stock market. Excerpts from British reviews printed on the jacket indicate that the book evoked gales of laughter in its own country; but this may reflect no more than the all-embracing charity, to put it mildly, of contemporary British criticism. Americans are not likely to find it particularly amusing; and if it is not amusing it is nothing.

THE LADY OF THE MANOR. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. Dodd, Mead. 1932. $2.50.

Mr. Marshall's stories of English country life are a standard trademarked product; you know what you are going to get, and there are many who want it. This latest specimen has the usual shrewd insight into character and the usual faithful account of the doings of country families—their hunting, their cubbing, their gardening, and so on. (The shooting, unfortunately, had been let.) If you want this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing you want, done with a thoroughgoing craftsmanship that may not be appreciated by readers who find the people and their doings totally uninteresting. The plot has a touch of novelty, for a story of modern England; instead of dealing with people who have lost their money, it revolves around a girl whose parsimonious father left her a great deal more money than she or anyone else had expected. She was the lady of the manor, but being true county-family she needed her lord and master; and found him, presently, in the strong, silent Englishman whom the reader picked out long before she did. If you read much contemporary fiction, you will be not unpleasantly shocked at encountering a heroine who has "viriginal reticence," and at learning that after she and her destined lord had confessed their love "they were alone together for a time *before* she went to bed."

SECRET LIVES. By E. F. BENSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1932. $2.

If you find this book funny, you will probably find it very funny indeed; if you are not amused (as was this reviewer's misfortune) you are likely to find it pretty hard going, for all Mr. Benson's practiced smoothness. It is the history of Durham Square in London, and its rather too quaint residents; and of the things that happened when Miss Sarah Leg moved into the Square—Miss Leg being the author, under a pseudonym, of novels that outsheik Miss E. M. Hull's. The complications that arise through the agency of "Ulrica," writer of a newspaper gossip column, who is really the nephew of Miss Leg's butler, will be effective on a reader who can once get into the mood; but the mood may be elusive. And even after "Gin and Bitters" and "Point Counterpoint" it may be doubted if the British libel laws would have made possible the publication of such a novel as Miss Leg's "Amor Vincit."

DARBY O'GILL AND THE GOOD PEOPLE. By HERMINIE TEMPLETON KAVANAGH. Putnams. 1932. $2.

This narrative is warranted by the author as "the only true account" of the Darby O'Gill adventures, almost straight from the lips of "Mr. Jerry Murtaugh, a reliable car-driver, who goes between Kilkenny and Ballinderg," the gentleman being a first cousin of Darby O'Gill's own mother. O'Gill was a bold Tipperary man who had close dealings with the Good People who are known to dwell in the bowels of the mountain of Sleive-na-mon. They are good people by courtesy, for their conduct is mischievous and their master is Satan. But there is little real harm in them beyond tricks like carrying off a cow or two and maybe a person who can well enough be spared. Luckily they had not put the charm on Darby O'Gill, and when he entered the depths of Sleive-na-mon hanging to the tail of his witched cow Rosie, he was free to get out again if he could. "'If we had put our charm on you outside to bring you in,' explains the King, 'you'd never die till the ind of the worruld, when we here must all go to hell. . . . I wish we had the comeither on you, for it's aisy to see you're great company. Now, come up to my place and have a noggin of punch for friendship's sake,' says he." So begins Darby's six month's stay among the Good People in Sleive-na-mon, with, as he says, "lashins and lavings to ate and drink and nothing but fun an' divarshun all day long." But he wants to get out to Bridget and the childher. How he escapes and what terms he makes with the fairy King is the substance of the opening tale: "After that, indade, many's the winter night . . . when Bridget and the childher were in bed, Darby sat by the fire, a noggin of hot punch in his hand, argying, and getting news of the whole worruld. . . . A little man with a goold crown on his head, a green cloak on his back, and one foot trun over the other, sat ferninst him by the hearth."

The tale or group of tales thus begun offers a happy evening for any reader with a heart for wise nonsense. This Ire-

(*Continued on page* 132)

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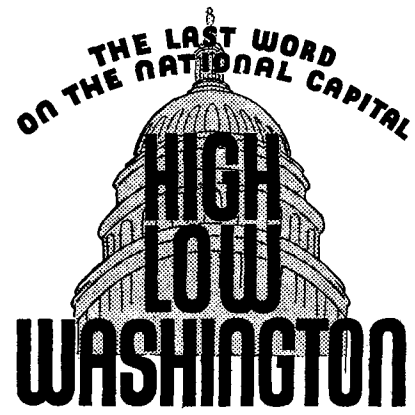

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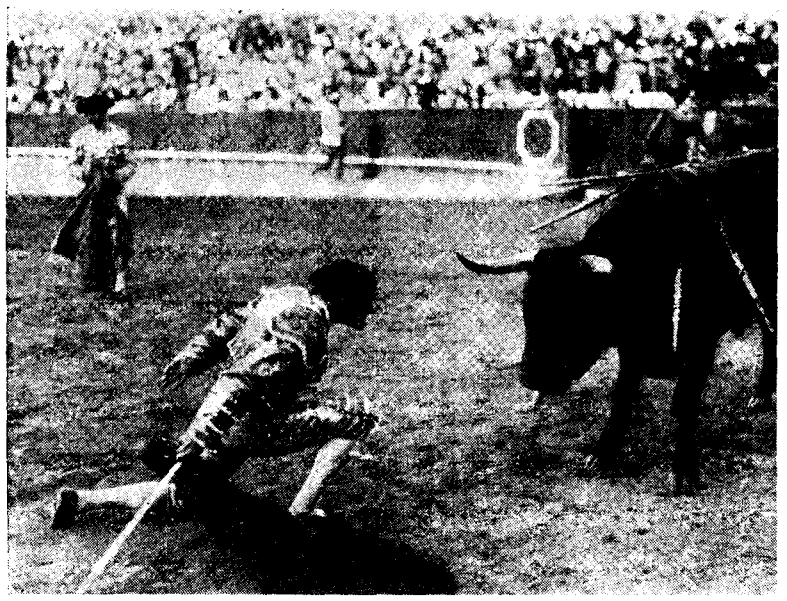

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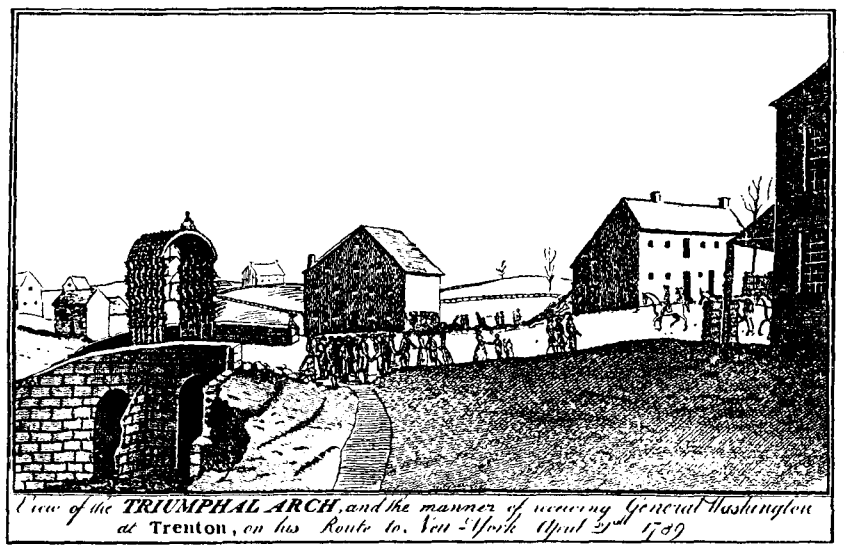
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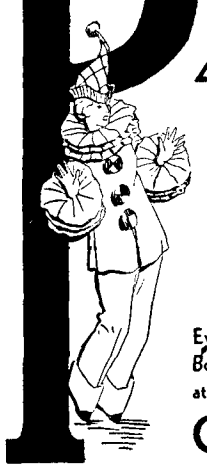

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 130)

land is nearer the green isle of Lever and Lover than the O'Flaherty chamber of horrors or the haunted realm of Yeats and A. E. It is a playground of fancy where paradox rules, where pagan and Christian superstition strive for the upper hand and priests hobnob with professed followers of the Devil; where, after all, things and people are not so very different from the things and people about us. What with the news columns and the minor prophets we were almost forgetting that we *are* like that. This little book releases us, for the moment anyhow, from useless worry and regret and commonsense, bids us step along our way with hearts high and easy, as honest men should. Can a story-book do a finer thing for us?

MARCELA. Translated from the Mexican of MARIANO AZUELA by ANITA BRENNER. Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

This little novel by the author of "Los de Abajo" (The Underdogs) also is revolutionary in spirit but goes back to the days of Don Porfirio, before the Mexican Revolution of 1910-1920, when the old feudal régime was only beginning to feel the rumblings of a new order.

It was known as "Mala Yerba" (Weeds) in Mexico, and the weeds which the kindly Dr. Azuela (he is a practicing physician in Mexico City) saw even as long ago as 1908, when the story was first written, were such useless libertines as the young *hacendado,* Don Julian, preying on his helpless peasants, men and women both, with the ruthlessness of some medieval overlord, and possibly, in a less direct sense, even such victims of the old Mexican régime as pretty Marcela herself.

It is a frankly class-conscious story, with the landowner as the villain, and his peasants as the exploited workers, and the whole picture splashed on in those primary colors dear to the popular Mexican audience for which it was originally intended. A good deal is lost in translation, for a Mexican popular love song, for instance, with its nostalgic air, its caressing Spanish diminutives, is one thing, and the words literally turned into some such Americanese equivalent as "Say Kid, you've got me going, I'm crazy about you!" is quite another. And that, in effect, is what the translator has done.

A tiger is bloody and cruel, but it could scarcely be vulgar, and the unspoiled Mexican is somewhat in the same case. And to hear the simple countryfolk of "Marcela" kidding each other in routine Broadway slang can scarcely fail to send a shiver down the back of anyone acquainted with the real thing. The intention of the translator is understandable, and it is, of course, always difficult to turn colloquial dialogue from one language to another, but the resulting connotation is fatal to illusion.

This drawback notwithstanding, the unhappy love story of the honest groom, Gertrudis, and the wanton Marcela—helpless, if not altogether unwilling victim of the social system of which both were a part—comes home in any language, as does the background of that land of contrasts, of high color and hot blood.

International

RED SMOKE. By ISAAC DON LEVINE. McBride. 1932. $2.

Mr. Levine has no love for the Stalin dictatorship, and his criticism is not without a certain animus, but his realism and commonsense are refreshing enough after much of the windy nonsense talked and written about the Five Year Plan.

Mr. Levine distinguishes between the Five Year Plan as originally compiled in four volumes by Russian economists, geologists, and technologists, and published by the Soviet Government in 1930 under the auspices of the State Planning Commission, and what he describes as the "almost metaphysical Five Year Plan" which has been interpreted in all sorts of ways, made a political battle-cry, and turned into a partisan football to be kicked this way and that, wherever the kicking was good.

The "real" plan, according to Mr. Levine, was based on facts of geography, and climate which condemned Russia to "an existence of relative poverty in the role of a second-rate agricultural state." The plan as a battle-cry and as political propaganda has ignored natural and historical facts, and excited the Russian masses and alarmed the world with the notion—preposterous as Mr. Levine analyzes it—that by the mere importation of technical implements and processes, regardless of their context in the societies to which they are indigenous, Soviet Russia could shortly be changed into a first-class, modern, industrial state.

With a factual backing which cannot lightly be brushed aside, Mr. Levine endeavors to show the illusoriness of this vast and contagious dream. Russian resources, instead of being limitless, are far below what they are popularly fancied to be. She is relatively poor in fuels, in iron, copper, gold, and silver. The great bulk of her tremendous territory lies north of the productive regions of the temperate zone. A large part of her great rivers flow northward into the more or less icebound Arctic Sea. Her northern ports are poor and hard to reach, her southern ports open on an inland sea, shut off from the great world by Constantinople and Gibraltar. She has no adequate transportation system, either that of railways or of roads, and the lack of rock on her great European plain, the tremendous distances of Siberia, make the building of any adequate transportation system economically, if not physically, impossible for an indefinite time to come.

You could, let us say, by spending enough millions and hiring enough foreign technicians, build great cotton or steel mills in the heart of the Sahara or the Brazilian jungle, but once they were built, you would not have about them all that vast complex of economic and social conditions which make a Lancastershire cotton industry or a Pennsylvania steel industry possible.

Not a few of the huge plants which have been built with the help of American engineers in Soviet Russia within the past few years are, according to Mr. Levine, comparable, economically, to such monstrosities as the above. They are, that is to say, in the nature of slogans or battle-cries, rather than things which, within any easily predictable time, will be able to function normally and to compete, even when worked collectively and without private profit, with the more favorably situated outside world.

To check up in detail on all his destructive criticism would call for comparative research more extensive than can be gone into here. A good deal of what Mr. Levine asserts is, or should have been, obvious to anyone supplied with even a sketchy knowledge of the human and material lay-out of present-day Russia. His little book is a decidedly wholesale corrective to much loose thinking, and it ought to stimulate dinner table conversation for a considerable time to come.

Murder Will Out

By WILLIAM C. WEBER

FOREMOST among the new mysteries is "The Tragedy of Y," by Barnaby Ross (Viking: $2.). It is the second exploit of Drury Lane, the sixty-year-old retired actor who devotes his declining years to the solution of those extraordinary crimes that always send the New York police, in fiction, frantically yelping for the distinguished amateurs whose detached viewpoint is so valuable in tracking down the criminal. In "The Tragedy of Y" Drury Lane is a more realistic figure than in the first of the series—which one hopes will not end with "The Tragedy of Z." Perhaps the authors of the intellectual school of mystery writers will give us the Tragedies of X^3, Y^2, and Z^2 or the Tragedy of Pi. But that is mere conjecture and this is a review. Drury Lane, then, "comes alive" in the new tale, whereas in the first story he was an extravagant caricature. The story deals with the strange murders and attempted murders in the household of the "Mad" Hatters, a New York family whose abnormalities have been passed on, via the *pirochaeta pallida,* to the second and third generations. It begins with the suicide of Yorke Hatter, the "Y" of the title. Not long after there comes an attempt to poison a deaf-mute member of the family, accidentally frustrated by a greedy boy. Then old Mrs. Hatter is murdered in her bed, the house is set on fire, and other devilish things happen until the amazing conclusion. The solution is at first hard to believe, but the author's skill makes it credible. Some readers may object to such a rotten lot of characters and the almost clinical detail with which their abnormality is described—but, after all, a family like the Dinsmores wouldn't be a very fertile field for the mystery writer.

Another family with more than one screw loose holds stage center in Clifford Orr's new horror story of the Maine coast. There is more horror than mystery and

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only a modicum of deduction on the part of "Spider" Meech, the aged and deformed detective, who at the end of the yarn finds himself in a most peculiar position for a servant of the law. Two old houses on adjoining headlands of the Maine seaboard are the scene of the murders. A beautiful girl is killed, her murderer confesses, and almost before the sound of his confession dies away somebody ups and does him in. There are strange noises, mysterious footfalls, sudden assaults by cloaked figures, bloody fingerprints, and a freak of nature that gives the tale its name—"The Wailing Rock Murders" (Farrar & Rinehart: $2).

A very nasty but fascinating old lady is the murderess in Francis Beeding's first detective story—"Murder Intended" (Little, Brown: $2). The previous Beeding books, for the few who may not know this deft exponent of the Oppenheim school, were tales of international intrigue. In "Murder Intended" the author quickly reveals the killer and then the reader watches the detective run her down. For one not versed in crime Aunt Agatha does a very good job and her homicidal ventures are extraordinarily entertaining.

We voyage again to Maine for much of the action of "Sinister Cargo," by Stanley Hart Page, the first "Christopher Hand Mystery" (Knopf: $2). Hand, by the way, doesn't stand out much as a personality despite the brave words of the blurb, but the story does stand up, and that's enough. There are two picturesque villains named Spitz and Spawn, a variety of successful and unsuccessful attempts to kill a wealthy New Yorker and his friends, and a pitched battle finale on a little island off the Maine coast, with a piratical submarine as a *pièce de résistance*.

There has been a mort of good mystery stories from England in the past few weeks, most of them by authors whose skill is well known. "Murder in the Basement," for instance, a Roger Sheringham story by Anthony Berkeley (Crime Club: $2). Here we have one of those impossible corpses—a badly decomposed young lady unclad save for a pair of gloves and found six inches or so below the cellar floor of a suburban villa. (Freeman Crofts once did a story like that only his nudist was a man in a packing case washed up by the sea). The girl's identity is determined by shrewd detective work and her murderer discovered through some very slick deduction by the beer drinking Mr. Sheringham, who traces the criminal through a manuscript that describes faculty-intrigue in a preparatory school—a very engrossing story within a story.

Teh new A. Fielding story—"The Upfold Farm Mystery" (Kinsey: $2) is much better than his recent "Death of John Tait," although the clever Inspector Pointer doesn't appear until the last eighth of the book and then solves the mystery of two baffiing murders with a few magic passes. The characters are artists, musicians, writers—so you know what wicked work to expect.

"Death in a Domino," by Roland Pertwee (Houghton Mifflin: $2) is also by a practiced and dependable hand. Lord Studholme, a thoroughly vicious peer, plays the "victim" in a murder game. All the participants hate him and when the game comes to an end Studholme is victim in fact. Among the players is the head of Scotland Yard and before the tale is ended he is sentenced to death for firing the fatal shot. But who did finish the nobleman is another matter—for the reader to determine through the pages of an excellent story.

Nigel Orde-Powlett is a new name on the mystery lists but his "The Cast to Death" (Houghton Mifflin: $2) is a capital story. It will appeal to fishermen especially. The victim is killed just as he is landing a fish and suspicion falls on three of his companions. One may disclose the fact that no fisherman did the deed—thus leaving the reader's faith in the gentleness of the Waltonian tribe unshaken. Beatrice Grimshaw writes an adventure mystery of a lonely South Sea island in "The Mystery of Tumbling Reef" (Houghton Mifflin: $2), concerning a strange burial, missing jewels, and a party of picturesque villains, who, with a band of savage islanders make things hot for the heroic Englishmen who seek to solve the puzzle of the island. Highly pitched and exciting. In "Three Dead Men" (Brentano: $2) Paul McGuire writes of the man whose body came hurtling over a cliff at an English seaside resort to fall at the feet of Mr. Herbert Hornel, a vacationist, who became so suspicious of the "accident" that he finally interested Scotland Yard, which sent an inspector who in a short time was murdered when he came too close to the guilty parties. Fatal error, to kill a policeman! Mr. Hornel, the Yard, and the local constabulary redouble their efforts and after a keen and engrossing chase get their man.

One of the cleverest alibis to date is used by the criminal in "Cut Throat," by Christopher Bush (Morrow: $2). This good but rather confused tale begins with the corpse of an English nobleman delivered in a hamper at Albert Hall, where he was scheduled to speak. The crime is very complicated and runs into by-paths that are sometimes a bit tedious, but the dénoûement brings forgiveness for all shortcomings. The numerous admirers of Mrs. Belloc Lowndes will find her latest novel "Jenny Newstead" (Putnam: $2) mild fare compared with "The Story of Ivy." Jenny marries a whirlwind lover, a handsome, domineering chap. He asks her to meet him on a certain corner and never shows up. The trusting little thing had given her big, strong husband all her money, too. So back home she goes, weeping. And then she gets a job as "lady housekeeper" in a Museum. The curator is a dour Scot, but he capitulates to Jenny's charm and she to his'n. But, alack-a-day, the missing husband! Jenny advertises for him—on her lover's cash. She visits Scotland Yard. Finally there comes a clue—and then she sees her husband again, in circumstances that clear up the situation and throw her into the braw Scottish arms. Very sweet, inconsequential, and mid-Victorian. Whatever crime and mystery it contains is totally off-stage. Yet this reviewer tried it on a Scot of his acquaintance who found it highy diverting. Patriotism, perhaps.

George Simenon, the prodigiously prolific young French mystery writer, bounces onto the American scene with two better than average stories—"The Crime of Inspector Maigret" and "The Death of Monsieur Galet" (Covici-Friede: $1 each). They have less of the Gallic touch than other recent detective stories from France—which makes them better fare for American readers. Inspector Maigret in his methods resembles Freeman Croft's Inspector French, and it is a pleasure to follow his methodical search for his man, running out every clue to the bitter end. Both yarns have their emotional moments which this reviewer finds too effusive—but M. Sim, or Simenon, who "at twenty-eight has written 208 yarns," and turns out four per month, is a writer worth following.

Tommy Rankin, the detective who figured in "The Boudoir Murder" and "The Strange Disappearance of Mary Young," is pitted against a wily murderer in "The Student Fraternity Murder," by Milton Propper (Bobbs-Merrill: $2). As the pledgees of Mu Beta Sigma at the "University of Philadelphia" are about to become full-fledged brothers one of them keels over—poisoned. He has enemies on the campus and as Rankin delves into his life it appears that his extra-curricular activities were not all they should have been. But the murderer's identity is concealed until the last moment and the revealtion comes as a great—and not very convincing—surprise. The frat house and university atmosphere is well done. Generally speaking the story is not up to the standard of Propper's other mysteries—but it will doubtless have many readers in the "University of Philadelphia."

Notes of a Rapid Reader

An interesting popular book on Chemistry, illustrated with unmargined photographs, and written by Beverly L. Clarke, who is carrying on the popularization of chemistry begun by the late Ellwood Hendrick, is *Marvels of Modern Chemistry*, published by Harper & Bros. ($3.) * * * Less a popularization and more a textbook is Volume I of *A Political and Cultural History of Modern Europe* by Carlton J. H. Hayes (Macmillan). This work is based in part on the author's *Political and Social History of Modern Europe*, which is well known. * * * Note should be made of the elaborate *Industrial Psychology* just published by Morris S. Viteles of the University of Pennsylvania (Norton & Co., $5.50). It is a work of 652 pages elaborated and enriched by numerous photographs and graphs. * * * Guy Holt's *Bibliography of the Works of James Branch Cabell* has been revised by I. R. Brussel and is published by the Centaur Book Shop of Philadelphia.

Dr. Axel Munthe, author of "The Story of San Michele," has left London, where he has been staying recently, for Sweden. He hopes to be able to finish a new book soon.

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Points of View

Poetry and Congress

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the course of discussion on economy in government almost every possible suggestion has been made, from curtailing the number of bulbs in the White House garden to pruning the poetic growths from speeches in Congress.

An examination of the *Congressional Record* for the first four months of the Seventy-second Congress reveals that the resort to verse by our congressmen is not at all the dangerous extravagance journalistic report would make it. There are scarcely seventy-five examples to be found in this period, counting in ejaculations of a few words; and if our statesmen are forbidden

To be or not to be—

a mere two-thirds of a blank-verse line—we are niggardly indeed. We are told the *Record* costs the nation fifty-seven dollars a page. That being so, estimating (generously) the space used for this purpose, we spend less than three hundred dollars a month, which out of a yearly budget of some four and a quarter billion is little enough; and in so doing we keep alive a tradition that is as old as Congress itself. Shakespeare, Burns, Arnold, and Blake, not to mention more obscure craftsmen, have all assisted with memorial addresses, pleas for and against prohibition, and orations on the Revenue Bill of 1932.

An overwhelming majority of poetic references, it is observed, come from the southern states, with honorable mention for Indiana and Pennsylvania. However, the state most rich in poetic sentiment, if members of Congress are truly representative, is Illinois. The quotations that follow are given exactly as they appear in the *Record.* It takes the entire State of Tennessee to match Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, whose remarks are notable for a wide variety of authors and a greater facility in their use than any other single speaker. Speaking of hard times, he drifts easily into verse:

My nation bowed under burdens,
still you
Are my country, and 'tis of thee—
Sweet land of liberty,
I sing.

Or,

Throw out the life line!
Throw out the life line!
Some one is sinking!
There is some one to save!

On economy in government, apropos of exceptions demanded by some of the senators:

Woodman spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough.
In youth it sheltered me
And I'll protect it now.

Still on government economy:

If it were done when 'tis done,
Then 'twere well it were done quickly.

And below, pleading for a surtax provision in the tax bill:

On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—is there balm in Gilead? Tell me tell me, I implore!

"What is to be the balm from the tax bill? What is to be the balm?"

Other members from Illinois have carried the same spirit into the House of Representatives. A favorite is the emotional state song of that commonwealth:

Not without thy wondrous story,
Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the Nation's glory,
Illinois, Illinois,
On the record of thy years,
Abram Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan and our tears,
Illinois.

In practically all instances, verse is shot out like an extension ladder to reach a greater emotional pitch than the speaker feels himself capable of without assistance; rarely is it introduced to give an alternate phrasing to an idea.

One favored effect is achieved by paraphrase. A very pretty result was secured recently by two members of the House by substituting the plural for the singular pronoun in the words of a song all too popular a few years ago, "I'm forever blowing bubbles."

A Texas senator recently introduced a surprise ending to an old stand-by from the school reader, as follows:

The poet sings of sunny France,
Fair, olive-laden Spain,
The Grecian isles, Italia's smiles,
And India's torrid plain;
Of Egypt, countless ages old;
Dark Africa's palms and dates;
Let me acclaim the land I name—
Our "dry" United States.

Another characteristic metamorphosis is this one, from a Maryland senator:

Will you vote in this November
As you did on one fine day?
Will you vote in the good old-fashioned way
When your assets are all gone
And the soup line's very long?
Will you vote in this November
As you did on yesterday?

Says a member from Pennsylvania, "Well may we paraphrase that stoneworker of Westminster Abbey, and say:

O rare Ben Franklin!

Senator Walsh (Massachusetts) paraphrases William Blake, a poet not often (if ever before) found in these pages:

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!

* * * * * * * * * *

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In (America's) green and pleasant land.

"And Republican leaders have taught Republican Members," complains Mr. Blanton of Texas—

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do.

"And vote as they are commanded."

Sometimes poetry caps a thrilling climax, as, for example, in a gloriously patriotic deliverance by Mr. Beck of Pennsylvania:

I am so convinced of the great prestige of the United States that I believe, as far as I can see into the future whether it be five or twenty-five or fifty years that the United States will add to all of its immeasurable contributions to the welfare of mankind the supreme glory of having found the world in a state of wreckage and of having lifted it from that wreckage to that former plane of prosperity and well-being that preceded the World War. Ah—

The quality of mercy is not strained
It is an attribute of God himself.

—Or in these enticing words from Florida, which suggest the first Floridan:

At this season of the year fresh and nourishing vegetables are plenteous, her luscious fruits are abundant. A general harvest is rich, and her springs, thousands of them, are gushing forth daily millions of gallons of that wholesome, transparent, and God-given fluid sparkling with purity and virtue.

From palm-fringed shores and sunlit bays,
Where the lakes like jewels glimmer blue,
I am extending you this greeting,
'Cause in Florida friends are waiting for you.

Sometimes poems are introduced for their own sake. These are generally written by constituents. One on taxation written by H. A. Goetsch of Wadena, Minnesota, contains forty-two lines, all but eight of which begin with the word "Tax." The effect is irresistible.

A tribute by an unofficial laureate poet (so called by an enthusiastic representative from Nebraska) deserves note for its interpretation of the last jest to the House by the "masterfully meek" Speaker:

When Longworth, just as Congress closed,
In words that touched us then—
In words so masterfully meek—
Said to us: "I may never speak
From this platform again,"
The bravest of us held our breath—
But never dreamed we of his death.

This is a fair sample, and will show our representatives to be both versatile and ingenious. Authors are very rarely mentioned unless they are obscure contempo-

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raries, but perhaps that is not necessary. The blank verse of "Measure for Measure" can be discerned and identified by the curious even when printed in paragraph form; superfluous syllables can be deleted from the last line of Arnold's "Dover Beach"; allowance made for those whose poetic discrimination and aptness are perhaps inferior to their judgment on the Philippine question or quaint election customs in Alabama. The voice is the voice of our own Jacob; let him clothe his gestures in imitation beaver if he will.

Madison, Wisconsin.

ALICE KELLY.

Historical Fiction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

It is true that the writer of historical fiction, like the poet, has traditional "license" in use of background and fictitious characters but, in these later days, a reader may question whether such license is not sometimes abused—whether the goal of probability is not ignored? For example, in "We Begin," the author has added four "new" passengers to the list of those on the *Mayflower*, although the complete roster of this ship was given by Bradford and has been verified by later historians. It might have been less improbable—and unfair to the pioneers of this Plymouth Plantation, to have had these fictitious characters arrive on some later ship whose roster has not been published so often. Again, is it not contrary to all suggestions of probability that the melodramatic events of the last chapters—the rape, suicide, and public hanging—would have been omitted from the faithful records of Bradford, the historian? His pages are alive with dramatic events which tell tales of both heroism and of turpitude and vice. This historical novel is a mine of graphic information about the background of the Pilgrims, in England, Holland, and Plymouth, but it loses the atmosphere of the period and people when the author resorts to modern psychoanalyses and sensationalized emotion in the later chapters.

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.

Worcester, Mass.

Kyd's "Libel" of 1593

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In his "The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore" (1927, p. 37) Dr. Tannenbaum quotes the single quatrain which has come down to us of the "libel" in verse found upon the wall of the Dutch Churchyard a week before Kyd's arrest and imprisonment in May, 1593. The quatrain runs as follows:

You strangers, that inhabit in this land,
Note this same writing, do it understand;
Conceive it well, for safeguard of your lives,
Your goods, your children, and your dearest wives.

As I read this fragment, I found something very familiar in its sing-song cadence. Recently, for my sins, I have been obliged to learn by heart the unspeakably boring plays of Thomas Kyd. This is just such another piece of flatness as a pair of passages from Cornelia.

Corn. IV, i, 226-7; V, 125-6:

Nay more, we fight for safetie of our lives,
Our goods, our honors, and our auncient lawes;

Raysing treason in their realms
By their children, friends, or wives.

The resemblance does not seem to me remarkable; but Kyd was given to self-borrowing. I offer the comparison for what it is worth.

MARION GRUBB.

Baltimore, Md.

Diana of Chicago

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I hope that before Richard Roe died he saw the Diana on Michigan Avenue in Chicago. Since he followed the life of Diana of Madison Square Garden so closely, he should not have missed this nymph of another age.

If Richard did not live long enough to see her, I hope that Hubbard will some day visit her Court. He would know what Richard would have thought of her.

ETHEL M. FAIR.

University of Chicago.

A Johnson Quotation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

From Dr. Johnson's *Idler*, number 85; the italics are his:—

"It is observed that *a corrupt society has many laws;* I know not whether it is not equally true, that *an ignorant age has many books.* When the treasures of ancient knowledge lie unexamined, and original authors are neglected and forgotten, compilers and plagiaries are encouraged who give us again what we had before, and grow great by setting before us what our own sloth had hidden from our view."

Apropos for 1932?

W. S. H.

The Breeches Bible

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of September third you say that you believe that a Breeches Bible published in 1580 is the oldest in this country. The Zion Research Library of Brookline, Massachusetts, owns a copy of the first edition which was published in 1560. This may be seen by any one interested, in the reading room of the Library any afternoon. The Library owns several other editions also. The Breeches Bible, even a first edition, is not a rarity as it was a very popular translation in its day and many editions were published.

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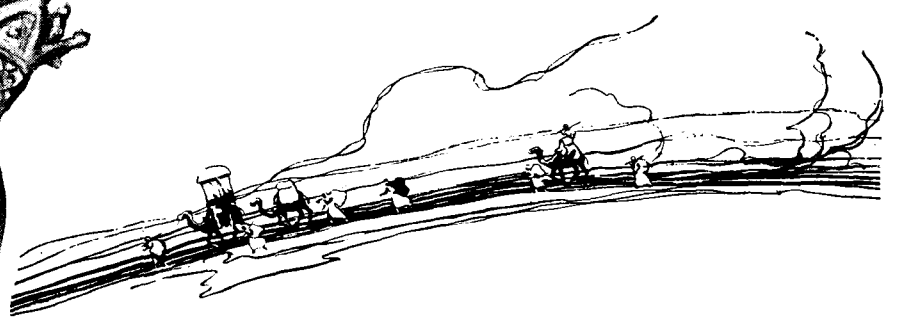

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

T. H. L., New Jersey, asks for the best books for celebration of the Scott Centenary.

FOR obvious reasons, the hundredth anniversary of the death of Sir Walter Scott brought on no such calculated outburst of books as that attending the Washington bicentenary. The advantage is all in favor of the Wizard of the North. There is nothing perfunctory about these new Scott books, no sign of hurrying to order. John Buchan, whose "Sir Walter Scott" (Coward-McCann) leads the field, has had "the fortune to be born and bred under the shadow of that great tradition." It has not overshadowed his noble "valuation of the man and his work after a lapse of a hundred years"; for this biography is also a life of his books; they come in one by one as in their time they came out, fresh from the spirit of their creator, so that here the Scott lover finds new appreciation for the friends of his youth—something he may have been missing from the friends of his middle-age—while the youth to whom Scott is under the curse of college entrance may from this book take heart again. For Scott is alive in it as he is still alive in Edinburgh, where—so strong is yet the tradition—one feels as if, standing at the top of Princess Street, one might at any moment behold a loved, limping figure making its way from bookshop to bookshop.

Buchan's book is a survey of Scott's world and of the people he brought to life, but it is even more the life story of a good man. As one sees here, he made goodness charming; he was a man at the centre, radiating virtue—and once in a while it is good to get a book demonstrating by human example the possibility of being at once thoroughly good and generally popular. "Once when he had been dining at Mount Benger, he took up a little daughter, kissed her, and, laying his hand on her head, said, 'God Almighty bless you, my dear child.' Hogg found his wife in tears and asked what ailed her. 'Oh,' she cried, 'I thought if he had just done the same to them all, I do not know what in the world I would not have given!'" That was the wife of the Ettrick Shepherd who spoke for the hill glens, and at the other end of the rainbow Byron spoke of him in much the same way. Perhaps the hard-times chapters make the best reading this year, for it takes goodness to get through hard times spiritually unscathed.

The work done for Scott and forces by Hugh Walpole in "The Waverley Pageant" (Harper) is second in importance only to that of John Buchan. Here is his choice of the best of Scott, in a 700-page book for which such a need existed that one wonders why it was not made before. A book like this for Dickens would be little less than infuriating; he is not read for scenes—barring the comic ones—so much as for characters, and the storm in "Copperfield" would never satisfy me for the loss of Mr. Dick or Mr. Micawber. Such a book for Ibsen would be unthinkable; he did his own condensing before his work went to print, so intensively that to leave out another line would be to bring down the structure. It could not be made for Shaw, whose works can no more be condensed than the telephone book, and for the same reason. But everyone remembers Scott most vividly for certain glowing, glorious scenes, and they are here, in the seventy-six selected stories. Reading these, one goes on to the rest, rereading or perhaps reading for the first time. A volume not unlike this, "The Heart of Scott's Poetry," has lately appeared (Oxford University Press); it may surprise some of us to find how many of his verses have become part of the world's content in consciousness.

There are other books for the celebration of this centenary, but these are all one really needs. For each one of them is bound to send the reader straight to the old magician himself, to the long line of enchantment stretching from the "Lay" to the last romance. But if I were a teacher committed to giving "Ivanhoe" a fair chance with today's children to whom the fascination of the tournament is stronger than you might think—I would get "Men and Women of Plantagenet England" (Harcourt, Brace) by Dorothy Margaret Stuart, which begins with tournaments and takes in every feature of society high and low in the years of this long-ruling dynasty. The author will be remembered for "The Boy Through the Ages," a book unlike any other, and this one has the same faculty of making a reader furiously interested in bygone details of living; the many drawings help. If I were making myself at home in the Scott circle, I could spend fascinated hours over "The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott" (Stokes)—a new volume has just appeared in England—in which Hugh Walpole edits letters written not by him but to him. "Everyone wanted to write to Scott," say he, "for was he not—as Wordsworth said, the whole world's darling?"

R. P. M., New Haven, Conn., asks if there are books that would give information relative to the effect certain types of music have had on different countries and peoples, and also the influence of any particular songs or musical works upon nations. There is something about this in an old and still useful book, Raymond's "Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music" (Putnam), but for the most part the student will have to extract it for himself out of works on musical history and theory. For instance, there is a new edition of the already classic "Evolution of the Art of Music," by Sir Hubert Parry (Appleton), to which chapters have been added by H. C. Colles, of the staff of "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians." The part taken by mechanical music, jazz, and the like in to-day's civilization, is the subject of Adolf Weissmann's "Music Come to Earth" (Dutton), lately published.

Most movements of revolution or revolt have been accompanied by a song like the "Soldier's Song" of the Irish Free State to-day or the short-lived chorus that took for the time the place of the proscribed "God Save the Czar," only to be itself stricken from the lips of the faithful by proscription. Sometimes such a song has intrinsic power so great that like the "Marseillaise" it becomes a symbol of revolution in general, or like the "Carmagnole" brings up a whole terrific period by its snarling, stamping stanzas. But how much of the effect of most patriotic songs is produced by something within them and how much by an arbitary association of ideas with their sounds, is something harder to determine. Nobody seems to have been particularly stirred by the Star-Spangled Banner when it was the convivial "To Anacreon in Heaven"; come to think of it, though, the top note must have given a good excuse for the sort of high howl often let loose late in the evening.

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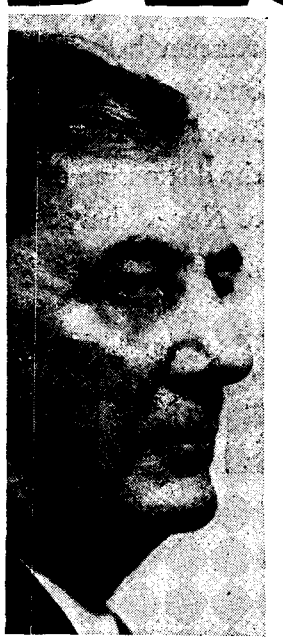
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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to authors' activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Bookseller's anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

ALABAMA

"On that midnight choo-choo up from Alabam'," to paraphrase a once popular song, comes a sheaf of notes concerning some of the leading writers of that Southern state. They have been compiled for us by *Lewis Follett:*—

Far and away the most successful and interesting of the various groups of writers in and about Alabama is the Loafers' Club of Birmingham, which consists of nearly a dozen men who gather together weekly under the guiding spirit of *Octavus Roy Cohen.* One does not always relish the thought of Eighteenth Street as Birmingham's highest point of interest to the world outside; yet because of Cohen's stories strangers are always asking about it. A famous lecturer and author from the Middle West—one who had lived much in the South and made a serious study of the Negro—has said that Roy Cohen's negro is a clever mixture of Yankee and Jew, with little or none of the African as he, the lecturer, had found him. This statement is somewhat exaggerated, but many people who have lived in the South all their lives have never seen a Florian Slappey. Cohen is a more exacting critic of others than of himself. He has been of great assistance to his friends, The Loafers, both in producing and marketing their work. And Cohen contends that they have helped him equally. Among the present Loafers are *Arthur Akers, Edgar Valentine Smith,* and *James Saxon Childers. Edgar Dial Torgerson* was a member of the group when he lived in Birmingham, as was the late *Jack Bethea.*

James Saxon Childers has completed a novel which is to be published in the early winter. It is said to be as great an improvement on his first novels as his latest book of travel is on the volume preceding it. His "From Siam to Suez" can hold its head up by the side of any book of travel of the moment. His first two novels were more or less an exploitation of the author's personal life and problems when he had not got his feet on American ground after several years at Oxford.

Edgar Valentine Smith, another Alabama author, is engaged in writing a novel of life on the Tombigbee River. It is to be hoped that in it he will accomplish what was barely missed by *Harold Vines.* Mr. Smith's short stories have been most favorably received. He was awarded a prize by *Harper's Magazine* a few years ago and was also given the O. Henry award of that year for "Prelude," an excellent story of Alabama life. He has been included in the annual O. Henry collection of short stories four times in the past seven years. His most appealing work, "'Lijah," is a tale worthy of Thomas Nelson Page. Between the publication of his stories Valentine Smith is occupied as copy reader in the offices of the *Birmingham News.*

It is an interesting coincidence that *Harold Vines, Edgar Valentine Smith,* and *Caroline Couper Lovell* are all writing about the River country of Southwest Alabama. The Tombigbee and Warrior rivers flow together in that section. Harold Vines is writing another novel. The greater part of his first, "A River Goes with Heaven," was published in the *Atlantic,* and later the whole work appeared in book form from the press of Little, Brown & Company.

Zelda Sayre Fitzgerald, author of "Save Me the Waltz," published by Scribner's, is from Montgomery, Alabama. She married *F. Scott Fitzgerald* after a romantic courtship while he was in training camp in Montgomery, after America had entered the World War. Miss Sayre comes from a conservative and deeply intellectual family. Her mother is a writer of local reputation, her father was associate justice on the supreme bench of Alabama, her great uncle was *Senator John T. Morgan,* one of the South's last statesmen of the old school—the Morgan whose dream was a Nicaraguan Canal, long years before a waterway was cut through Panama. The Fitzgeralds spent last winter in Montgomery, together with their daughter, Scottie, who is now ten years old.

T. S. Stribling, at the moment, is taking the spot light in this section, and the two published books of his intended triology —"The Forge" and "The Store"—deserve the recognition accorded them. Both of Mr. Stribling's late books have their scene laid chiefly in Florence, Alabama, the famous Muscle Shoals section near the Tennessee line. Thomas Sigismund Stribling is a lean six-footer with blue-gray eyes and a Southern drawl, who went in for the law, wearied of Blackstone reading in his uncle's office (the late *Governor O'Neal* of Alabama) and began contributing pieces to periodicals, particularly *Trotwood's Magazine,* edited by the late *John Trotwood Moore* of "Only the Game Fish Swim Upstream" fame. But this sort of thing irked the *Wanderlust* that dwelt in Stribling's spirit. Without a dime in his pocket, he was forever going off on long ocean voyages, tending cattle for his passage, or doing clerical work. Europe and South America have known him. At present Stribling is living in the country near Fort Myers, Florida, eating grapefruit, mostly, when he is not playing chess or making little excursions into his storehouse of memories of his childhood days in Florence, Alabama, and Clifton, Tennessee, and translating them into novels. Mrs. Stribling is a teacher-supervisor of education in rural Florida.

The Alabama Scene could not be depicted more fittingly than by *Caroline Couper Lovell,* and the announcement that she has completed a book dealing with pioneer life in this state should be hailed with delight. It is the story of Big Sam Dale that Mrs. Lovell is giving to the public, retold for young people from the autobiography of one of the most interesting of America's pioneers. In her book, "The Golden Isles of Georgia" (Little, Brown & Company, 1932), there is perhaps too much genealogy for the ordinary reader. But genealogy is still a subject of vital interest in the South. Instead of with the weather, conversation often begins like this: "Your middle name is Hamilton, I wonder if you could be related to my cousin's wife whose mother was a Hamilton, a great grand-daughter of Andrew, who moved from Virginia to South Carolina with his two brothers, Gordon and Cunningham, and lived there until he came to Alabama, in 1786?" Mrs. Lovell is a descendant of the Coupers, and the Hamiltons and the Stileses of whom she has written in "The Golden Isles."

ARIZONA

Beryl Brackett has rounded up for us "out on the range" some assorted Southwestern news:—

Laura Adams Armer is again in the country of the Hopis and Navajos, working on her next book, which we understand will be a novel of Indian life to be published within the coming year. Her "Waterless Mountain" still holds the lists with all juveniles.

Jack O'Connor, whose "Conquest" published by Harper's two years ago astonished the natives and brought down on the author's young and very Irish head the fury of old-timers who prefer Arizona's historical past shrouded in mists of romance, breezed in one day from Flagstaff, where he holds forth as a member of the faculty of the Arizona State Teacher's College. When asked concerning his latest novel, it proves to be a "very brutal and simple tale of a Mexican bandit," with Villa as prototype. The novel first scheduled to follow "Conquest" "never got going."

Harvey Fergusson is in Hollywood working for Paramount. His "Rio Grande," part of which ran in the *American Mercury,* has been postponed on account of economic conditions. Call publishing attention to the fact that Fergusson's "Blood of the Conquerors," a real classic of the Southwest, is no longer obtainable! Yet it ranks with the best representative literature of this period.

John Dos Passos spent a brief holiday in Northern Arizona. An anecdote going the rounds depicts him unconsciously evading the telegrams from a large film corporation who were bent upon locating him for the purpose of exercising the familiar Hollywood lure. The cost of the telegrams mounted into the hundreds.

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"A character who would have rejoiced the heart of Charles Dickens—Mr. Joshua Clunk, a criminal lawyer of keen and subtle brain, a beautifully cultivated gift for the enjoyment of good food, a mastery of the more devious ways of the law, and a confirmed habit of singing evangelical hymns."
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"This is the best book of its class I have read during intensive reading: in fact, a book so good it is out of the class in which it will be put because of 'mystery' in its title."
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"By all odds the most entertaining and delightful yarn in a good while. Grade A stuff, not to be missed. It has atmosphere as well as excitement."
—*Camden Courier Post*

Here is a mystery with everything—from vivid excitement to high literary style. Even if you've never read mystery stories before, try this one. It will give you a new conception of how good a mystery can be. Three large printings in just two weeks of publication are only one indication of the popularity of

THE RED CASTLE MYSTERY

by H. C. BAILEY

$2. Crime Club, Inc.

The PHŒNIX NEST

LANGHORNE GIBSON, son of *Charles Dana Gibson,* the famous illustrator, and also nephew of *Lady Astor,* is said to have at his home in Mount Kisco one of the most complete private naval museums in the country. He and *Paul Schubert,* a former lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and author of "Come On Texas," have collaborated in the dramatic story of the destruction of the German High Seas Fleet, first by the internal mutiny of Bolshevik sailors and finally by the Imperial officers who ordered the historical scuttling at Scapa Flow. The book, published by Coward-McCann, is called "Death of a Fleet." . . .

The American Spectator, A Literary Newspaper is now announced for monthly publication, beginning October twentieth. The editors are *George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd, Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell,* and *Eugene O'Neill.* It is published by The American Spectator, Inc., *Richard R. Smith,* President, 12 East 41st Street, this city. It will sell for ten cents a copy. It will be international in scope. It will be in the form of a small newspaper after the style of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* of France. Articles by the editors will appear regularly. Among the other contributors to the first number will be *Havelock Ellis, Frank Swinnerton, Van Wyck Brooks, Lincoln Steffens, Jim Tully, Liam O'Flaherty, Ring Lardner, Clarence Darrow, Louis Untermeyer, Paul Morand,* and *Joseph Wood Krutch. The American Spectator* will appear on the first of each month and be on sale at all newsstands and the better bookstores. . . .

Joseph T. Shipley's course at City College, in literary criticism, is being expanded to a year's course. It will be offered beginning Saturday morning, October 1st, in the 23d Street building of the City College. Mr. Shipley, after spending five months on his farm in Corinth, N. Y., recovering from a serious automobile accident, has completed an essay on *Philip Barry* and *Elmer Rice,* and is expanding the study outlined in his "The Literary Isms," the last of the University of Washington Chapbooks. . . .

Phyllis Bentley, author of the Yorkshire novel, "Inheritance," lives in the West Riding of Yorkshire in the city of Halifax. It was in the West Riding that the Brontë sisters lived. What is meant by a "Riding"? Miss Bentley says:

> The word "Riding" is probably of Danish origin (for Yorkshire was much invaded by the Danes in pre-Conquest days); it was once 'Thirding" and indicated a *third* of the county of Yorkshire; so there are three "Ridings" of Yorkshire, the North, East, and West. The East Riding is mainly agricultural; the North is very hilly, and pastures innumerable sheep; the West once pastured many sheep, but now chiefly concerns itself with the manufacture of wool into cloth.

We have been interested in *Isaac Marcosson's* story of *"David Graham Phillips* and His Times," just being published by Dodd, Mead & Company. When one sees pictures of Phillips writing standing at a tall desk he called "the old black pulpit," it is interesting, for one thing, to know that this posture for writing was because of his constant fear of appendicitis which he thought might result from leaning over a table! . . .

We hear from the Individual Library at 27 Park Place that they have made a new experiment in selling more books. They take distinguished best-sellers and bring them out, while they still are best-sellers, at five dollars in a full leather edition which is durable but not limited. The full leather binding has a genuine gold stamping, a genuine gilded top, colored leather label, silk headband, two-color title page, cellophane wrapper, and colored slipcase. On September 15th they brought out in this fashion "The Good Earth," by *Pearl S. Buck,* "The Fountain" by *Charles Morgan,* "The Sheltered Life" by *Ellen Glasgow,* and "Peking Picnic" by *Ann Bridge.* On November 1st, if the titles live up to expectations, they hope to publish: "Sons," by *Pearl S. Buck;* "Peter Ashley," by *DuBose Heyward;* "Josephus," by *Lion Feuchtwanger,* and "Light in August," by *William Faulkner.* . . .

We have only had a glance at *Ernest Hemingway's* "Death in the Afternoon," his book on bull-fighting, which comes from Scribners, but a beautiful book has been made of it, and Hemingway certainly seems to know his subject inside out. The illustrations to the book, which are grouped at the back, are also highly informative and in many cases most dramatic. . . .

We extend a hearty greeting to *Don Marquis,* who appears for the first time in *The Saturday Review of Literature* with a department of his own. This journal has printed heretofore an occasional poem by Don, but now he comes into his own with a regular niche wherein he is allowed to express from week to week his most devastating opinions—if they are going to be that! The creator of "Archy" and "Hermione" and "The Old Soak" has a private stock of speculation which he will uncork for our readers and which has been carefully hoarded and is guaranteed both Pre- and Post-War! . . .

We attended the first-night of *George Oppenheimer's* "Here Today," and found *Ruth Gordon's* rendering of certain aspects of *Dorothy Parker* a most amusing performance. After the show we later encountered Mr. Oppenheimer and Mrs. Parker amicably partaking together of a libation in honor of the occasion. Mr. O., as Mrs. P's publisher, views her with especial discernment. Her personality has furnished material for a delightful stage figure. Mr. Oppenheimer's comedy of bad manners has meritorious pace and many hilarious moments. He is the only publisher we know to be a playwright,—or are there others? . . .

H. C. Bailey, the creator of that prince of detectives *Mr. Reggie Fortune,* has now deserted him for another who can be trusted to operate at book-length rather than in Mr. Fortune's more circumscribed field of the short story. The new protagonist is *Mr. Clunk,* said to be modelled upon a dear old gentleman who so far has not recognized himself not being of Mr. Clunk's profession. But that goes only for outward appearance. "The Clunk habits and manners are recollections of the ways of a class of good people not now so numerous as they were. His parade of piety is not exaggerated and even his hymns are genuine." We wish success to Mr. Clunk, who first appeared in "The Garston Murder Case," and is now the hero of "The Red Castle Mystery." And yet Reggie Fortune remains unreplaceable in our affections. Mr. Bailey, once published by Dutton, *is now in the stable of Doubleday,* Doran. The use of the word "stable" is not meant to be invidious,—we refer to the racing term, a stable of thoroughbreds! . . .

For Dodd, Mead, *Helen K. Carpenter* has novelized the Broadway success of *Laurence Gross* and *Edward Childs Carpenter,* their play, "Whistling in the Dark." It made darn good melodramatic comedy on the stage. We hope the book will be as striking. . . .

Although engaged in writing while summering at Dublin, New Hampshire, *Ronald de L. Kirkbride,* author of "The Private Life of Guy de Maupassant," published this spring, has found time to play in several of the tennis tournaments, winning trophies at Dublin and also at Lake Placid. His latest novel, "Dark Surrender," a story of negro life, will be published by Sears next January. Meanwhile his collection of Oriental prose poems is being brought out by Harold Vinal, Ltd., and contains a foreword by *H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.* It is illustrated by *Cambell Grant* of Santa Barbra. . . .

In a recent *Contempo,* that insurgent review of books and personalities published at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, appears the following neat summary, devised by *Florence Becker,* and entitled "Pro Patria":

All of the robots
wish to be Babbitts,
Most of the Babbitts
wish to be Cabots
God! How the Cabots
love to be Cabots.
Me—I wish for a couple of sabots
To throw at the
robots
Babbitts
and Cabots.

We wish you *could* pronounce sabots with a "t"! It's a good poem! . . .

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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A new biography of Hume by Mr. Greig will appear on October 13th. Price $3.75.

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. . . Poetry and Red Plush are granules in Don Marquis's hour - glasses next week.

. . . To know what famous poem he thinks "possibly the worst in any language" you must read

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of October 1st

CLASSIFIED

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

AMONG the things that interested Poor Old Quercus on his so-called vacation were:—

Maurice Baring's quotation from Pope, in Mr. Baring's "Lost Lectures." Pope satirizing the critics' tendency to sneer at anything accepted by a very large public, wrote:—

So much they scorn the crowd that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.

⁂ ⁂

A scientific paper by Dr. E. O. Hulburt (*Journal of the Optical Society of America*, July 1932) *On the Penetration of Daylight into the Sea.* Dr. Hulburt quotes William Beebe's account of his descent to a depth of over 1,400 feet, off the Bermuda coast. At that depth "the outside world seemed born of a single vibration—blue, blue, forever and forever blue."

⁂ ⁂

A pleasant tribute to Alexander Smith's "Dreamthorp," in a highly agreeable volume of essays—"Dear Prue's Husband and Other People"—by Dr. Joseph J. Reilly, professor of English at Hunter College.

⁂ ⁂

"I think little of *The Fountain* but suppose 50 million critics on the dust cover can't be wrong. Of course it is well written but why put a rather extraordinarily mean love affair upon such an extraordinarily high plane? There seems to be much philosophical befogging of the basic proposition:—Let's go behind that bush!" —Letter from Charter Subscriber A.W.B., Ontario.

⁂ ⁂

Worry, tension, depression, all are hard on your hair. They make your scalp tense, constrict circulation about your hair roots, make your hair dull and lifeless.

—Letter from the Frances Fox Institute of Hair Culture.

⁂ ⁂

Old Quercus, unwearying in pursuit of Reality, has been meditating the relation between statesmanship and gastronomy; or Votes and Victual. One day last winter he lunched in the restaurant of the House of Representatives at the Capitol in Washington. He was pleased to see with what skill Mr. E. Zahn, the chef, caters for his Congressional patrons. Particularly Quercus commended the wisdom of so many cooling and sedative dishes, that might avail against hot blood and partisan temper. The 60c Dietary Platter is a great favorite in Congress:—

Jellied Fruit Salad, French Dressing
Graham Bread, Cottage Cheese, Cup Custard
Milk, Buttermilk, Tea, or Café au Lait

A British visitor was startled to find the item "Pint Half-and-Half with Crackers, 25c." No, not the 'arf and 'arf of W. W. Jacobs's sailormen, but half milk, half cream. For beverages, your Representatives in Congress have these choices:—

Abner Drury Ginger Ale	20
Canada Dry Ginger Ale	25
Grape Juice	15
Red Raven Split	20
Annheuser (sic) Busch, Budweiser	20
White Rock	25
Kraut Juice	15
Tomato Juice	15
Orange Crush	10

On this pale cellarage Uncle Sam's laws are debated.

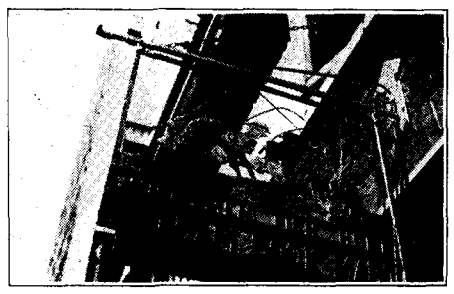
The day of Old Quercus's visit was a Friday; hence among the READY TO SERVE were several fish. The choices were well arranged for nation-wide eaters. For New England congressmen were Codfish Cake, Poached Egg and Fried Tomatoes (50) or Baked Pork and Beans, Brown Bread (35). For Southerners, Spanish Omelette with Rice (55) or Smothered Spring Chicken, Mushrooms, Corn Fritter Potato Croquette (80). For the manly Middle West, Broiled Porterhouse Steak, French Fried Potatoes ($1.25). For the Pacific Coast, Boiled Fresh Salmon, Egg Sauce and Potatoes (65.)

It was all excellent plain sensible grub, well cooked and served, no nonsense about it. You need have no fear that your Representatives are being sapped by insidious luxuries or European fal-lals. Observe their honest unadorned list of desserts:—Apple Pie, Blueberry Pie, Chocolate Eclair, Pie à la mode, Cup Custard, Apple Dumpling, Baked Apple, Apple Sauce, Preserved Figs with Cream.

I like all this, said Old Quercus; there's a pleasant sort of decency about it.

⁂ ⁂

The famous signboard of the Gotham Book Mart on 47 Street was designed



by John Held, Jr. The G. B. M. is probably the only bookshop with a private window into a lunchroom, so that customers looking over the book-boxes in the back yard can order a sandwich. Munch without interrupting their browsing.

⁂ ⁂

"From his pocket he drew forth a marvelously well preserved copy of Ben Jonson's poems in a little leather-bound volume published in 1581," says Mr. Gauvreau of his wealthy newspaper-owner in *The Scandal Monger*.

Marvellous indeed: in 1581 Ben Jonson was eight years old.

⁂ ⁂

Books I look forward to:—*Lying and Its Detection* by Dr. John A. Larson (University of Chicago Press). Dr. Larson, criminologist and professor of psychiatry, has had an important share in the development of the apparatus known as the lie-detector.—*The Second Common Reader* by Virginia Woolf (Harcourt Brace & Co.). No more thrilling book about books has been written in our time than the first *Common Reader*. The second volume contains essays on Donne, Swift and Stella, De Quincey, Hazlitt, D. H. Lawrence, etc.

⁂ ⁂

Our ecumenical snapper-up, W. S. H., brought back from Havana a little booklet called *Sloppy Joe's Cocktails Manual*. We like Signor Sloppy's recipe for "Menth Tulep." It reads: "Marsh up menth leaves and sugar add. 1 glass of borbon whiskey. Shake and serve in a frappe ice with the menthe leave in a menth julep glass."—Another of Sloppy Joe's formulæ is the Helen Twelvetrees: "1 Part of Gordon Dry Gin. 2 Parts of Pineapple juice. Drops of Perfect Love. Shake with cracked ice and serve in a tall glass."

⁂ ⁂

Speaking of "large tabling and belly cheer," Mr. F. P. Stieff's luxurious *Eat, Drink & Be Merry in Maryland* (Putnam, $3) is not just another cook book but a gastric history of the pleasantest State in the Union. I had not known, until I read Emily Post's letter about the book, that the great spokeswoman of Etiquette was a Marylander. Rightly so, for no one exceeds Maryland folks in agreeable manners.—Of Maryland food, you remember the old saying: "What becomes of all the pins?" "They fall to the ground and become terrapins."

⁂ ⁂

Putnam's Bookstore on 45 Street has occasionally murmured, a little sadly, at the number of people who come in just to use their nice quiet telephone booth. They tried piling up a specially alluring assortment of Dollar Reprints close to the booth, but these unprofitable visitors paid no attention. But then one day Frank Magel discovered that an anonymous and grateful patron had left a MS pinned up beside the telephone. It read thus:—

LINES POSTED BY PUTNAM'S TELEPHONE
Written on Hearing That Too Many Visitors Come In Merely to Use This Booth

Shut in this telephoning booth
I find myself alone with truth—
A truth I did not look for:
The friend I intimately knew
And found worth telephoning to
I'll even buy a book for!

⁂ ⁂

☛The Wakefield Bookshop, named for the immortal Vicar, has moved to 21 East 54. ☛Douglas Cleverdon, admirable bookseller of Bristol, England, emits a catalogue called *A Cocktail for Collectors, or A Remedy for Heavy Hearts & Lean Purses.* He offers Vols. I-VI of the old Strand Magazine (Jan. '91 to Dec. '93) containing the first appearance of the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* for 21 shillings. ☛The Book of the Month Club's choice of "Mutiny on the *Bounty*" for October makes timely an item in Dauber & Pine's new catalogue (66 Fifth Avenue.) Dauber & Pine offer the original edition of Captain Bligh's narrative, London 1792, for $11.25. ☛Mr. and Mrs. William McFee have driven 2,000 miles of honeymoon in England in a Buick this summer. Since taking out U. S. citizenship Mr. McFee views England with new affection and perspective. He writes from the Crown Hotel, Woodbridge, Suffolk, "I disbelieve in prophecies of England's decadence."

Under Your Hat

At a recent lit'ry fiesta, Ann Watkins, Authors' Agent, cantered up to Publisher Guy Holt and gushed, "I won't mistake you this time! I know who you are! Don't prompt me! You are not John Farrar, you are not Guy Holt, you are not Bob Ballou. You are Maxwell Aley!" Mr. Aley, a bewildered observer, sotto voced something that sounded like "nerts."—I. S. S.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SIX-MONTHS' square-rigged sailing ship cruise from Boston early November. Christmas in Mediterranean. Thence west African coast stops to Capetown. Returning via St. Helena. No women. Experienced officers. Cost $550 for those willing assist full crew professional sailors. Also limited passenger space. S. T. Henry, Spruce Pine. N. C.

DOES ANYBODY want to rent a room, bath, kitchenette (furnished, unfurnished, east, south) for $35 a month? If you do, please have your secretary get in touch with my secretary—Elsie Dinsmore c/o *Saturday Review.*

WOULD some woman enjoy corresponding with a young fellow who takes interest in everything? Protege, c/o *Saturday Review.*

I'M 24, intelligent. Willing to do anything. Seek connection, help. Inneed, c/o *Saturday Review.*

STICKING to our resolution to talk here *only* about books which not *everyone* will appreciate (but those who do will enjoy immensely!) here's what the Saturday Review says of THE FAIR OF ST. JAMES, by Eleanor Farjeon: "To spin a piece of delicate fantasy to the length of three hundred pages without breaking or at least straining the fabric is a difficult feat. THE FAIR OF ST. JAMES brings off the magic. . . . The matter-of-fact reader will find little sense in it, and the imaginative reader may find what sense he will. . . . Its true concern is with the delicate approaches and generous ecstasies of love. In short, it is a book for lovers, a species of literature that is always being laughed at but is yet to be laughed off." Ask your bookseller for THE FAIR OF ST. JAMES (by the author of "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard"—$2.00)— or if he hasn't it, write us. FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 443 Fourth Ave., New York.

YOUNG PERSON is seeking somebody who sees potential art in correspondence — for sparkling, entertaining literary expression and adventure. Marjorie Daw, c/o *Saturday Review of Literature.*

CULTURED YOUNG WOMAN desires short, radical change from civilization. Could act as companion, optimist, first aid to convalescents, etc., at mountain camp. Very unusual opportunity for right party. If employer is male, proper chaperonage necessary. Emily FitzHugh, 15 Morton Street, Andover, Mass.

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—AMY LOVEMAN

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The author of *Education of a Princess* has followed up that sensationally popular book with an enthralling sequel. In it she continues the life-stories of herself and many of her royal relatives. "Another literary triumph . . . Marie has outdone her first success."—*Milwaukee Journal.* "Deserves even more than her *Education of a Princess* to become a best-seller."—*Phila. Inquirer. Illustrated.* $3.50

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by KASIMIR EDSCHMID

A dramatic and vivid rediscovery of South America by an important German author and world-traveler. Its cities, its jungles, its great men, its revolution, its finances, its past and present are revealed in this "romance of a continent." *Illustrated.* $5.00

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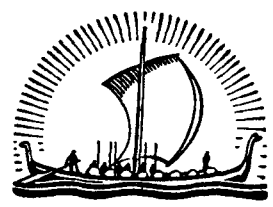
The tale of a man's escape from his past into the jungle of Africa. "Perhaps another Conrad has made his appearance."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "A new type of fiction of highly sustained interest and considerable narrative power." —Mary Austin. "A remarkable book, a thrilling adventure story."—Maristan Chapman. $2.50.



FORECAST

On October 7th, we will publish JOSEPHUS, Lion Feuchtwanger's greatest novel, in which he returns to the manner of his first success, *Power,* to tell the dramatic story of the great Jewish historian of Nero's day. On the same date Sylvia Townsend Warner, a favorite of *Saturday Review* readers, will have her first prose book in three years: THE SALUTATION—containing two full novelettes and eleven shorter pieces.

SAMUEL BUTLER

A MID-VICTORIAN MODERN

by CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

All the charm and excitement of an amazing personality are brought out in this life of the author of *The Way of All Flesh*—a man who was at once a great satirist, a painter, a psychologist, amateur musician, critic and anti-churchman. "An excellent, even a remarkable book."—Carl Van Doren. *Illustrated.* $3.75

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by JAMES ASTON

"A worthy successor to *South Wind* at long last," says Terence Holliday of this brilliant tale of a bevy of English tourists whom Love found in Italy. "A really good funny book, witty, wicked."—L. A. G. Strong. "Glorious."—David Garnett. $2.50.

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